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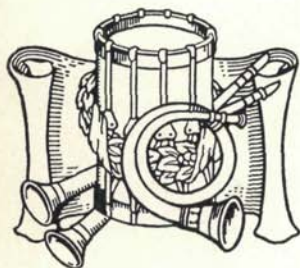
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FREEDOM IS YOUR HERITAGE! Protect It Now!

GUIDE WORDS FOR TODAY

"STOP THE MARCH OF CONQUEST!"

says the Honorable

William F. Knowland

U. S. Senator from California

"Communist talk of coexistence," says Senator Knowland, "is designed to lull the free world to sleep until Russia's nuclear war potential equals that of the U. S. This will happen some time between 1957 and 1960. The Communists will then resume their march of conquest. They will nibble away at the free world, which will be too frightened to resist. Finally the U. S. will become an isolated patch of democracy — a continental Dienbienphu in a Communist totalitarian world."

* * *

Communist purpose has never deviated. Only Communist tactics change. When time is needed to recover from a loss or to prepare new moves, they ask for a "truce," or they talk "cooperation," or they ask for "coexistence." Communism tries to "lull the free world to sleep." We must guard ourselves against these things if our freedom is to survive.



W. F. Knowland PRESIDENT



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The Noel Field Story

By RALPH DE TOLEDANO

AFTER five years in a Soviet concentration camp, Noel Field and his wife, Herta, have chosen to remain behind the Iron Curtain. Or so the Communist government of Hungary, which has given them "asylum," announces. But were the man and woman recently interviewed by the U.S. consul in Budapest really the notorious Communist agent and his wife? Or were they two impostors? Would the secret police let out of its hands, even temporarily, a man who can open so many doors in the labyrinthine corridors of the Communist espionage? Would it release one of Alger Hiss' comrades in perfidy? Men now at liberty in the U.S. shudder at the thought.

For Noel Field was a significant figure in prewar and wartime Communist operations both here and abroad. His name crops up in tantalizing fashion in the annals of the Communist apparatus. That he occasionally ran on the same track in the Communist underground railroad as Alger Hiss is known; but what cargo they were carrying remains a mystery.

Noel Haviland Field — tall, aristocratic, neurotic, and the son of a distinguished Quaker family — moved into the Communist orbit in the 1920's, long before the New Deal ferment had made the Party an avocation of millionaires and social climbers. In 1928, when he joined

the State Department's Western European division, his enthusiasm for Communism was already in full flower — a poisonous flower which destroyed a promising career and left him without a country.

IT WAS not until the mid-1930's that the Soviet apparatus, then functioning busily in Washington, marked him out as a recruit. Hede Massing, then a Communist operative, was given the assignment of bringing him into the apparatus. "I had no need to propagandize Noel," she has recalled. "He was already too passionately sold on the Soviets and eager 'to do something to help.'"

So eager was Field to convince Mrs. Massing of his devotion to the Soviet Union that he drove her late one night to the Lincoln Memorial and, standing before the Emancipator's statue, sang her the "Internationale" — in Russian. "I wasn't very impressed," she says. "It was cold — and I didn't understand the language." Her work of recruitment done, she was preparing to turn him over to a "contact" who would pilot him in the apparatus when she struck a snag. Alger Hiss had also been working on Field and wanted him for *his* apparatus. Hiss and Mrs. Massing met and amicably settled the jurisdictional dispute. "After all," Hiss is reported to have said in graciously relinquishing his claim, "we both work for the same people."

Not long after, Field suddenly and inexplicably resigned from the

State Department. He turned up in Geneva, working for the International Labor Organization of the League of Nations — and for General Walter G. Krivitsky, chief of Red Army Intelligence in Western Europe. Just what Field's function was remains one of the many secrets which died with Krivitsky when the Communists "suicided" him in a dingy Washington hotel room in the early 1940's. And what knowledge, indirect or otherwise, Field has of the murder of Ignace Reiss, the celebrated Soviet agent who was murdered in Switzerland by the NKVD for denouncing Stalin, may never be known.

By the late 1930's, Noel Field had moved on to other activities. In the guise of a relief worker, he was busy among Spanish Loyalist refugees at the French concentration camp at Le Vernet. (Many Communists were sprung from Le Vernet, but anti-Communist refugees were not so fortunate.) In the course of his work, he met Erika Glaser and Laszlo Rajk. Erika, an attractive brunette then in her teens, had already won her chevrons in the Communist cause. She was "adopted" by the Fields, although there were rumors that she and Noel were romantically attached. In the postwar years, Rajk became Foreign Minister in the Hungarian satellite government.

The collapse of France, after the phony war, sent Field skittering off to Geneva where, somehow, he became the European representative

of the Unitarian Service Committee. His offices were a meeting place and a way station for refugee Communist leaders and traveling *apparatchiks* who made good use of the funds which trusting American philanthropists donated.

WHEN the United States entered the war and set up its super-secret Office of Strategic Services, Noel Field and Erika Glaser were at hand and ready to do their bit. Allen Dulles, who ran the Swiss end of OSS, considered Field a "Communist idealist." Field reportedly received sums of money from Dulles for underground work in Germany. He is said to have then happily passed this money over to the Communist Fries Deutschland committee, which stashed it away for later use against America and the free world.

The end of the war found Erika moving onward and upward with the American Army. One of the first to reach Berlin after the surrender, she moved about freely, running a minor-league Mata Hari operation, spending much time with OSS officers, and having access to the secret material strewn about their offices. Field returned to Paris and his old job with Unitarian Relief, then lost it for siphoning off its funds to Communists. He wandered about Europe, a shabby man supported by God knows whom.

The Communists he had befriended in the Geneva days had all

risen to high places in the satellite governments, but they did nothing for Field. One of them, in fact, was the cause of his downfall.

A wave of arrests was sweeping the Communist world, as Stalin made one of his periodic clean-ups of Red leaders, and the NKVD decided to use Field as a whipping boy in the trials that were being prepared. In May, 1949, he disappeared from his hotel in Bratislava. Two months later, his architect brother, Hermann Field, who had gone to Warsaw in search of Noel, disappeared. Shortly thereafter, Noel's wife, Herta, disappeared in Prague.

In September, 1949, Noel's good friend, Laszlo Rajk, went on trial for treason in Hungary. He "confessed" that he had worked with Noel Field for the FBI (sic) and the OSS as an "American imperialist agent" to undermine the Hungarian government. Field's name continued to pop up in "confessions" of East European Communists, always attached to the accusation that he was an American "spy."

Meanwhile, Erika Glaser had gotten married and was living quietly with her ex-GI husband, then studying at the University of Geneva, and her two small children. Now she felt that the NKVD was closing in on her. Unable to get an American passport because of her past activities, she packed up her family and moved secretly to a small French town. "I feel myself in danger of the same hands that have

taken Noel, Hermann, and Herta," she confided. This did not stop her from making contact with her old underground friends, in an effort to learn Noel's whereabouts and fate.

In August, 1949, Erika telephoned an old admirer, Leo Bauer, who ran the Communist radio station in East Berlin. He was nervous and evasive — and he wanted no part of Erika. When she pleaded that he meet her in the Western zone of Berlin, he coldly refused. But he reported the incident to his superiors who ordered him to arrange a rendezvous with Erika at Templehof Airport.

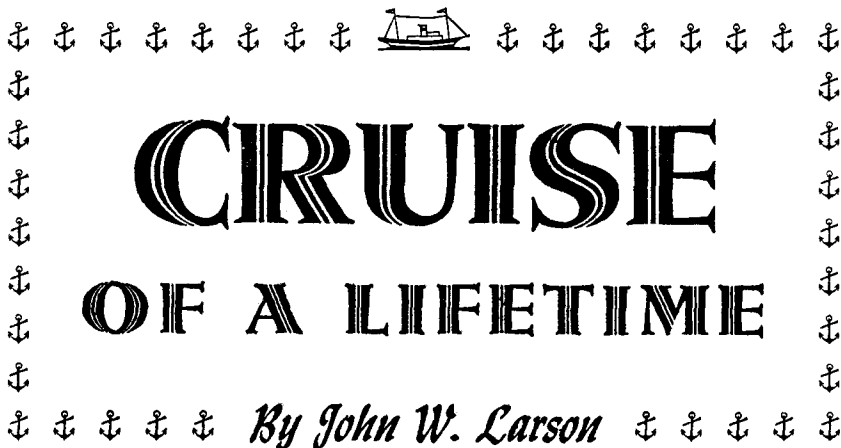
The manifest of the American Overseas Airlines registers the fact that Erika arrived from Frankfurt and cleared the Templehof customs. Bauer was not there to meet her. She was never seen again. Bauer was arrested in the Soviet zone, charged with being an enemy of the state and a co-conspirator with the "American agent, Noel Field."

FOR over five years, no word was heard of the Fields — Noel, Hermann, and Herta — or of Erika. It was generally believed that they were dead, or at best rotting away in the Siberian tundra. Then, in the summer of 1954, Josef Sviatlow, an important Polish Communist official, escaped. His story, given wide publicity by American authorities, involved the Fields. Sviatlow had been responsible for their arrest, he said, and Noel was "probably" dead.

The Soviets denounced him, of

course, and then embarked on a curious course of action. Communist authorities announced that the three Fields were being released, with apologies and restitution for their false arrest. Hermann was released in Poland, spent some time in a Polish rest home, and then proceeded to Switzerland. He has remained silent. Erika's husband, now in the U.S., received what purported to be a letter from her, reporting that she was alive and well at the Vorkuta slave labor camp. Noel and Herta were "released" in Hungary, had an interview with an American consular official, and then disappeared again. The Hungarian Communist government announced that they had sought asylum there. All efforts by U.S. authorities to renew contact with them were fruitless.

The Communists had created the proper effect. To the world, Noel Field had renounced his own country in favor of the "worker's paradise." But there was a less simple explanation. *No one who had seen "Noel" and "Herta" after their release was in a position to know whether they were the same people who disappeared five years ago.* Once they had made their grandstand play, they melted away. Their former underground associates could breathe more easily. Like the other enigmas in Noel Field's life, this one would remain to perplex the world until the bloody dossiers of the Soviet secret police are opened — when the Soviet empire collapsed.



CIRUISE

OF A LIFETIME

By John W. Larson

Some of the assorted wonders to which these people will have been treated include the pyramids of Egypt, the towers, mosques and bazaars of India, the tropical richness of Ceylon, the miniature empire of Thailand, the ritual dancers of Bali, the pagodas of Tokyo, and the Sucz and Panama Canals. In all, they will have made shore trips at Funchal, Gibraltar, Villefranche, Naples,

Port Said, Bombay, Colombo, Singapore, Bangkok, Bali, Manila, Hong Kong, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, Hilo, San Pedro, Acapulco, and Balboa. Temperatures during their voyage will have ranged from the 88-degree high of Bali to a low of 40 in Yokohama.

If they breathe sighs of relief that all this adventure, romance, and excitement are at last at an end, it will be understandable. But how much more understandable will be the expressions of relief of representatives of the Swedish American Line when their first world cruise is successfully completed. They had been preparing for this cruise for two years before their ship sailed from New York on January 8.

In casual conversation, a world cruise appears to be a reasonably uncomplicated project. But tangling with the hundreds of detailed plans and preparations necessary for the

complete safety, comfort, and happiness of 400 paying guests is something else again.

WHEN you contract to take a group of people on a luxury cruise around the world, you've got to be prepared to do everything for them. You've got to remember that they must eat, drink, and sleep like kings; that they must be entertained frequently with theatrical shows, fine concerts, gay dances, and pre-release movies; that occasionally they want restful solitude to read or write letters home; that they might break their eyeglasses, get a toothache, even become ill; that their clothes have to be laundered and cleaned, their hair cut, their nails manicured; and that they even have spiritual needs to be satisfied. In short, you must anticipate and be equipped to care for just about every human want imaginable. If you can do this with graciousness and efficiency, you can operate the kind of brilliant world cruise the *Kungsholm* has been conducting this spring.

After this cruise had been decided on two years ago, a special staff of the line's employees immediately went to work on preliminary details. Some of these included the thorough checking of docking or anchorage facilities at ports of call and securing group visas for all passengers to go ashore.

In addition, a program of shore excursions, arranged with American Express Travel Service, had to be

carefully planned months ahead of sailing. Cars had to be made available for sightseeing drives and, in many cases, had to be brought to ports of call from distant places, ready for the ship's arrival. Competent chauffeurs and guides had to be engaged far in advance, hotels and restaurants alerted to serve large numbers of cruise passengers with lunches and other meals. Overnight accommodations for longer shore trips had to be planned. In several instances, special trains and their operating crews had to be ordered. When all these details were worked out, the Swedish American Line sent one of its men around the world to check arrangements at each of the 21 ports of call.

The success of a world cruise depends, first of all, on the finest ship afloat. The *Kungsholm* has few competitors here. Completed only a little more than a year ago at a cost of \$10 million, this 22,000-ton marvel of beauty will bring a gleam of pleasure to the eye of the most jaded world traveler.

Gustavian decor, an elegant 18th century style little known to Americans, has been skillfully blended with contemporary Swedish design on the ship. The style was first introduced into Sweden in the 1770's as an answer to the rococo and, with its straight, delicate lines and off-whites and blue-gray pastel colors, it appears almost modern. Throughout the ship, natural woods, usually highly polished mahogany, teak, and

bleached oak painted in soft pastels, lend well-tailored backgrounds to the contrasting colors of furnishings. More than 675 original art works, including sculptures, oil paintings, water colors, wood cuts and line drawings, decorate every cabin and public room of the ship. Of these, a series of sculptures and bronze reliefs by twelve Swedish, Danish, and Finnish artists dominate the collection.

By using a series of innovations in marine design, the ship's owners have given the public a cruise liner that has already changed many concepts of travel at sea. More like a private luxury yacht than a big liner, the *Kungsholm* is designed to eliminate all athwartship alley-ways, giving all passenger staterooms and crew cabins an outside location and providing every room with large portholes. Every room on the ship is air-conditioned, with individual climate control, and has a private bath or shower and a telephone.

Normally a two-class vessel with a total capacity of 800 passengers, she was converted to a one-class ship with a limited passenger list of 400 for her world cruise. This meant that passengers have had the ship's 20 magnificent public rooms for their indulgence and pleasure. They live, in fact, in an atmosphere of relaxed elegance and in surroundings like those of a distinguished private club.

As you might suppose, food and its preparation was one of the biggest items of consideration for this cruise. The stainless steel kitchens of

the ship, well able to do their part, deal only with the final preparing and cooking of all food. All preliminary work is done in the lower sections of the vessel where cleaning departments, butcher shops, potato peelery, and huge refrigerators are found. Nearly all food served on the cruise was taken aboard in New York. Enroute, special tropical fruits and local fish have been taken on and served to the delight of passengers. They were astonished to learn that their chief chef, a veteran in spite of his 34 years, has served in the kitchens of New York's Waldorf-Astoria and St. Regis hotels, as well as in Maxim's, Tour d'Argent, and Hotel George V in Paris.

Even to Americans, who consume from two to ten times more water than Europeans, the supply of fresh water on the *Kungsholm* during her world cruise was unbelievable. Indeed, with a bath or shower in every stateroom, it had to be. Thanks to two huge evaporator plants on board, thousands of gallons of fresh water are made every hour for use in baths and showers, swimming pools, and kitchens and laundries. Total capacity of the evaporators is 92,000 gallons each day. In addition, the ship carries fresh water tanks with a capacity of 375,000 gallons.

NEITHER a lost filling nor an inflamed appendix is cause for alarm to passengers on this cruise. The *Kungsholm's* hospital facilities are comparable to the best ashore.

From the whistle-clean private and semi-private rooms to the pleasantly decorated waiting room with piped-in music, designers have made the ship's nine-room hospital unit a model of medical efficiency capable of handling cases of simple seasickness or major surgery. On board are a ship's surgeon, an assistant doctor, and several nurses. There is no extra charge for treatment or medicines for illness originating during the cruise.

Passengers home again from this world cruise will probably have some difficulty adjusting to their domestic help situation. With a hand-picked crew of 460, and an additional staff of 30 cruise experts, 400 passengers obviously have had enough manpower at hand to insure a thoroughly lazy life at sea.

Incidentally, a world cruise for *Kungsholm* crew members is not all drudgery. This ship's crew lives well. The management of the line has more than extended itself in providing the crew with conveniences and niceties not given many paying sea travelers of today. For example, every member of the crew has an outside cabin with portholes. Moreover, crew cabins as well as dining, recreational and below-decks working areas are air-conditioned. Most crew members are quartered in private or semi-private cabins for one or two persons. Very few cabins accommodate as many as four — and these are used by younger apprentices, mess boys, elevator boys, and

pages. Music during work, a notion that has become unusually popular in Swedish industry has been adopted on the ship. During working hours, music is piped into kitchens, engine rooms, supply rooms, and other working areas.

As if this were not enough to insure a happy crew, they also have an attractively furnished day room with a soda fountain, library, motion picture screen and projector, and the exclusive use of their own outdoor swimming pool on the forward deck. In addition to table tennis, sports-minded seamen have an opportunity for gymnastics and soccer practice. Shore leaves give members of the crew a chance to enjoy the sights of many of the ports visited, and they frequently entertain passengers with colorful Swedish folk dances.

KUNGSHOLM passengers, unable to resist the delicacies of Swedish cuisine, are able to work off weight gained — if they care to. Miles of deck space is available for walking and deck sports. There is also the aquanasium with a large indoor swimming pool, Finnish steam baths, a gymnasium, and two massage rooms. For passengers who have decided they must diet, the outdoor pool has adjoining it a bar for light snacks like hot dogs and hamburgers.

Certainly while they are on their globe circling trip, the *Kungsholm's* cruise members have no reason to feel out of touch with each other or with

the world, for they have ample means of communication and sources of news and information. Telephones in each room connect with all parts of the ship, and radio-telephone allows passengers to contact relatives and friends on shore. The ship's two libraries carry more than 1,800 books, including latest fiction and an unusual assortment of literature on ports of call. A ship's daily newspaper presents reports on world news, news and personality sketches on passengers, and summaries of ship activities. Airmail editions of the *New York Times* and the latest news-magazines reach the ship at almost every port.

For those who take their own pictures and movies, there is a complete darkroom on board, providing all the newest equipment for developing and printing films. The room was designed in consultation with several leading photographers. Here passengers can have their films developed and printed for them, or do their own processing. The room is air-conditioned and temperature and humidity controls furnish the exact conditions recommended for the processing of different types of film. Adjoining the darkroom is a film storage room for those who want to store their films until returning home.

Whether at sea or on land, the ladies have a favorite retreat — the

beauty salon. Keenly aware of this, the designers of the *Kungsholm* put their best efforts into a duplex beauty salon that is the last word in pleasant decor and technical gadgets. Typical of the latter are the drying hoods with rubber-mounted soundless motors and a lower rim of transparent plexiglass to relieve any possibility of a closed-in feeling. The lower section of the beauty salon is reserved for special beauty treatments administered by a staff of Paris-trained beauticians. All the attendants in the beauty salon and adjacent barber shop were trained in the best American salons, and also were chosen from those with heavy experience on Atlantic crossings and cruises.

Perhaps you've been thinking about how wonderful it would be to sail around the world in such luxury as these 400 people found on this world cruise. You must have played around with the idea of how much such a trip would cost, too. Forget it if you've had to figure too closely. It's not for people who have to worry about dollars. But if you'd never miss something between eight and ten thousand dollars — actually what's needed to make such a cruise, counting every possible expense — then pack your trunks. The *Kungsholm* sails around the world again next winter. Her owners would like to have you aboard.



Leaders of Tomorrow

BY RUTHE BERGNER

DID you know that 2,000 brand new corporations will be launched this year? That teen-ager in your family may be one of the organizers. Yes, teen-agers will actually learn to organize and operate their own companies through Junior Achievement, Inc.

Parents of high school students should be aware of Junior Achievement and its excellent program. Ambitious boys and girls have much to gain as junior achievers. Scholarships totaling about \$40,000 are awarded annually. Besides resulting in good business acumen, members gain experience in bookkeeping, accounting, sales, advertising, market research, production, planning company financing, and management.

Every eager graduate becomes easily discouraged when he finds he cannot enter the business world because of the lack of experience. But how can you get the experience when it takes a job to give that experience? Back in 1919, Horace A. Moses, chairman of the Strathmore Paper Company of Springfield, Massachusetts, realized this depressing fact. He decided that some-

thing should be created to give the young people business training while still attending school so that "they would have working experience and a knowledge of business operations when they sought full-time employment."

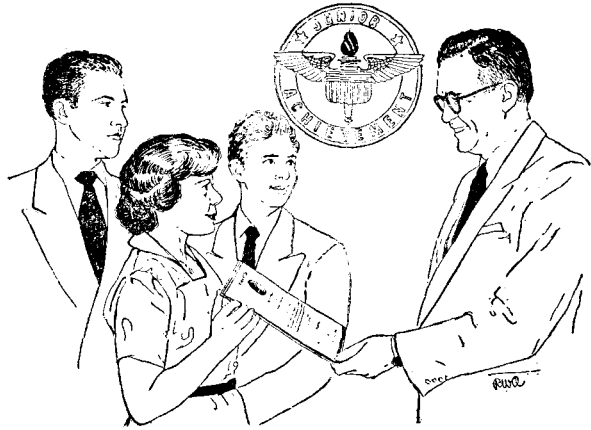
This resulted in the foundation of Junior Achievement, Inc. An expansion program was launched in 1942 and national headquarters was established at 345 Madison Avenue, New York City. Today, Larry C. Hart, the current national president of Junior Achievement and vice president of Johns-Manville Corporation, boasts that over 75,000 boys and girls have learned through J. A. "the functions of capital, management, and labor as the essential parts of American private enterprise." Junior Achievement simply provides the workshop where students can obtain invaluable experience and "learn by doing."

Briefly, here is how Junior Achievement works: At the beginning of the school year in September and with the cooperation of school authorities, students in the junior and senior years of high school are

informed of the J. A. program. They are then invited to join and form a miniature company. When a group is formed (consisting of 10 to 15 students) they meet and decide on a product or service they can sell. Then they select a name for their company.

They sell stock at 50 cents a share to finance their companies and get into production. Wages are paid from the earnings made on sales. They elect their own board of directors, officers, and appoint their own production and sales managers. They serve simultaneously as board members, workers, managers, stockholders and learn the relationship of each job and function. Each company has a sponsor, obtained by a local business concern, or other civic, professional or service group. Supervision and guidance by adult advisors with experience in the fields of production, business and sales is arranged. J. A. is especially planned as a leisure time program so that it will not interfere with school studies.

All companies stay in business for one school year. At the end of the year, in May, whatever profits were made are paid out as dividends to company stockholders together with the final report. The final report, which is similar to the industrial



annual report, includes a complete statement of expenditures and profits for the year. If there is anything left, it is divided amongst the members as bonuses. You see, every phase in company transactions is followed through. Each student is given the opportunity to actually work at the varied tasks — to feel as if he is indeed president of his own firm.

THERE are various types of companies that can be established and members are taught to work with leather, chemicals, wood, plastics and to operate radio workshops and journalism companies. Among the diversified products turned out by achievers are: detergents, hand-trays, plastic flower holders, shadow boxes, oven mittens, beverage glass holders, novelty jewelry, ceramics, toys, hand lotions, glass fiber fishing rods, holiday decorations, and many other interesting items.

After delivering a persuasive commercial over the Arthur Godfrey television show, Enrico Di Pasquale, 17, received a \$100 Savings Bond. Enrico was given this award for being the best J. A. salesman in the New York area. Hearing of Enrico's newly achieved selling abilities, Godfrey chided him into giving a pie crust sales talk before giving him the award.

Another junior achiever, Sheldon Katz, 20, of Brooklyn, was so proud of his newly organized plastic company that he informed President Eisenhower of his miniature company and presented Mrs. Eisenhower with the product of his corporation, a plastic perfume atomizer. The President expressed interest in Junior Achievement and offered much encouragement.

EDUCATORS and business leaders, as well as parents of junior achievers, show great enthusiasm for this fast-expanding program. Owen D. Young, Honorary Chairman, General Electric Company, said: "The purpose of Junior Achievement is to interest young people in our private enterprise system; to give them an opportunity to feel the thrill and excitement of what an individual may do working either alone or in company with others as a team. Unless we can create in our young people of today enthusiasm

for that system, we shall be wanting in leaders when the next generation moves on the stage." The Labor Union of Dayton, Ohio, stated in the A.F. of L. newspaper: "Persons having the best interests of the youths at heart still believe that it is the right of every youngster to dream the good old American dream of someday becoming president of a company or owner of his business. They believe that this country was built on a promise of equal opportunity for all, and that Junior Achievement enhances that opportunity." Many of the nation's top business firms such as Ford, General Motors, American Can Company, Celanese Corporation, etc., support and sponsor Junior Achievement activities. Among the better known persons serving on the National Advisory Council and encouraging youth developments are Oveta Culp Hobby, Bing Crosby, Arthur Godfrey, and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker.

By operating their own companies, each boy and girl receives an excellent business apprenticeship and therefore a better understanding of free enterprise. By keeping hands and minds busy on constructive things, there is little time for juvenile delinquency.

There is no better preparation than Junior Achievement for our leaders of tomorrow.



THE HIDDEN ENEMY

By Irene Corbally Kuhn

AS SPRING comes dancing over the horizon, scattering blossoms and pollen, the blast of the *ker-choo* is heard in the land. The spring hay fever victim, with his sneezes and weepy eyes, his brave attempts at making light of it all, is the butt of many a comic's joke. But it isn't funny for the several million *ker-choosing* Americans, unhappy victims of allergic diseases that plague them with horrible regularity, incapacitate them to a marked degree, and doom a high percentage of them to becoming chronic patients.

The allergic diseases are due to a sensitivity which certain persons develop to normally harmless substances. A susceptible person who is

exposed has symptoms of disorder in the respiratory organs, the digestive organs, the nervous system, or the skin. The most common of these disorders are hay fever, asthma, stomach and intestinal disturbances, contact dermatitis, eczema, hives, and certain types of headaches.

It isn't funny from the standpoint of national health, either — not when 7,000,000 persons are involved. The allergic diseases comprise one of the largest groups of chronic illnesses in the United States. The U.S. Public Health Service statistics reveal the alarming fact that there are nearly 4,000,000 sufferers from asthma and hay fever alone in this country; and experts rank these

two diseases third in prevalence among all our chronic diseases.

There are an estimated additional 3,000,000 allergy sufferers among those afflicted with chronic bronchitis, sinus infections, chronic eczema, urticaria (hives) and skin eruptions of various kinds. In this group, too, are persons with serious reactions to certain drugs, serums, antibiotics and cosmetics; some who are sensitive to wool, rayon, and other textiles; others who are allergic to dyes and various other compounds and elements used in the chemical industry.

THERE are even those most unfortunate persons in this unhappy three million who have a bacterial allergy. This means they have a focus of infection within their own bodies which may defy detection for years and keep them running from doctor to doctor for relief from the attacks of asthma, hives, or any painful or disabling skin eruption from the mysterious substance their own bodies are producing. These bacterial — or virus — allergy victims literally poison themselves over and over; and there's no help for them until the hiding place of the secret enemy within them is discovered.

It is in this field of allergology that least is known; it is also in this area that research might be most helpful. With additional knowledge, there might be fewer of these cases: a woman suffered agonies from

asthma until her doctor discovered that she had a bacterial infection in her sinuses. When he cleared up the infection, her asthma disappeared.

Another woman had chronic hives — big, red, itching welts, painful and disfiguring. She had had all the tests known to science. She'd been given elimination diets, anti-histamine drugs, everything, but her hives stayed. Doctors who examined her concluded eventually that her trouble was due to a disturbed emotional state. But whether the emotional state produced the hives or the hives created the disturbed emotional condition, no one could say for certain.

About this time, a new dentist did a complete X-ray job on her entire mouth, taking two and three pictures from different angles of certain teeth. And there, on an X-ray plate, showing up for the first time, was an abscess at the base of one tooth. The dentist pulled the tooth and drained the abscess. When the infection disappeared, so did the hives. For the first time in years, the woman's skin was clear. Inadvertently, her dentist had discovered that she had a bacterial allergy, and where it was hiding.

It is known, too, that infected tonsils can give eczema; that respiratory ailments which appear to be heavy colds or even flu are end products of a bacterial allergy which can produce a chronic condition. But well-informed allergists will tell

you frankly that their combined knowledge is not yet enough to guarantee cures or even always to make an exact diagnosis in this mysterious area of a puzzling and little-known field of medicine just now being explored.

ALTHOUGH everybody knows now that "allergy" is the word generally used to designate a special group of diseases in man, it was not until 1908, as a matter of fact, that the word was coined and first used by Baron Clemens von Pirquet, an Austrian physician who was professor of pediatrics at Johns Hopkins. He defined an allergy as an "altered reaction or abnormal response occurring in human beings." Other doctors soon added the word to their vocabulary to indicate extra sensitivity in hay fever and asthma — and allergy, the hidden foe, was identified at last.

However, it's still a bit like posting a "wanted for robbery" sign in post offices and public places, with the criminal's photograph and physical description. The police know who he is and what he looks like. Apprehending him is another matter.

In this respect, medical science is not much better off when it comes to allergies. Despite the prevalence of allergy and its incapacitating effects, hospital and clinical facilities, except in a few large cities, are woefully limited. There are not nearly enough doctors specializing in allergic diseases, or even suffi-

ciently trained and experienced to recognize and diagnose them properly. In the entire country there is only a handful of physicians who are trained allergists — 1,400 out of a total of approximately 220,000 doctors. Moreover, not enough new young doctors are being trained to cope with this big national health problem.

Education in the field is generally inadequate in all our medical schools; and the training of young internes and residents in hospitals is neither as deep nor as broad as it should be. All these factors plus this other significant one, that allergies are not dramatic nor usually fatal in themselves, have combined to discourage specialization and research.

It is because there are not enough doctors who are allergists to handle the problem, and because education and research are sorely necessary, that the American Foundation for Allergic Diseases came into existence just two years ago. It maintains offices at 274 Madison Avenue, New York City, with a small staff; and its modest total estimate of funds needed for its 1955 research, medical, and educational program is \$257,000. The Foundation, under the joint sponsorship of the American Academy of Allergy and the American College of Allergists, is the only one of its kind today.

In addition to working with physicians, its objectives, so far as the public is concerned, are simple. What they boil down to is to help

people discover if they have allergies; to help people who have allergies and don't know what to do about them; and finally, to show people how to live with their allergies.

HERE, for instance, are four examples the Foundation is publicizing in its campaign of public education: (1) a five-weeks-old baby who cries incessantly, develops a rash and a sniffly cold, and loses weight; (2) a businessman who has migraine headaches that blind him with pain and make it impossible for him to work; (3) an apparently healthy boy of five who wakes up in the night choking, barely able to breathe; and (4) a young housewife whose eyes and nose itch and water unbearably, and whose lips and tongue are so swollen she can hardly talk.

In these four cases the trouble is allergy, a sensitivity to substances harmless to others, poisonous to those four and hundreds of thousands like them. The range and variety of things to which susceptible persons may become sensitive are almost endless. Sensitivity usually occurs only after repeated exposure to the substance. (Then, too, allergic persons may be sensitive to more than one allergen.)

In the Foundation's quartet of cases cited, the baby is sensitive to milk. The businessman is sensitive to his daily breakfast eggs. The boy is sensitive to hair and skin particles from his new puppy. The housewife

is sensitive to the dust from spring housecleaning, or any housecleaning, for that matter.

In these cases, as in all cases in this field of medicine, an enormous amount of patience and trained skill is required to find the hidden enemy poisoning the patient, the particular allergen, so-called.

The doctor must study the patient's constitution, his environment — at home, work, school, during recreation. Skin testing with various inhalants and foods may be necessary. Not just food and animal danders and dust must be looked for, but many different kinds of food, drugs, chemicals, metals, cosmetics, bacteria, pollen from dozens of different trees, many kinds of grasses, plants, molds, and spores.

The doctor will explain to the patient that his hay fever or asthma or dermatitis comes from an allergen to which he is sensitive, and that allergens enter the body by various routes, thus: foods, drinks, drugs — by swallowing; dust, fumes, pollens, molds — by being inhaled; clothes, cosmetics, materials used in industry, household cleaning products — by external contacts; drugs, serums — by injection. And allergens can be in a focus of infection within the body. This is the bacterial allergy already described.

The doctor will explain further that spring hay fever is caused by the pollen of common trees, such as elm, maple, birch, poplar, ash, and oak. Summer hay fever comes most

often from pollinating grasses and ragweed. The airborne pollen is abundant and very light, and the human victim inhales it with every breath he takes.

NEXT to pollen, mold spores, invisible except under a powerful microscope, but found on straw, stored grain, and hay, are the most important cause of allergy of the breathing organs. Unlike the weeds producing pollen, molds are not killed by frost, and a warm spell after frost may bring on a new crop of molds and new symptoms. Persons who are around hay, straw, or grain may have attacks even in winter. Sometimes the itching, watering eyes, and the sneezing, stuffed-up, running nose will continue all year round. This is a condition known as allergic rhinitis, frequently confused with inflammation of the sinuses. It is essentially the same as hay fever except that it is caused by non-seasonal allergens such as dust, feathers, animal hairs, some foods, occasionally germ infection.

Once it is established beyond reasonable doubt that you are a hay fever victim, hie yourself to a doctor, and make sure that he knows his allergies. The Foundation will be glad to locate a competent allergist for you or an approved clinic.

Whatever your doctor prescribes for you to eliminate the allergen that is your particular poison, there are many things you can do. You can help organize a movement in your

community to eradicate ragweed. This eradication movement must be a well-planned and vigorously executed one. And it must be on a broad scale, for even good local eradication attempts will fail of effectiveness if only one community takes part.

It's no use to knock yourself out removing weeds in a single city or village if the light pollen from a neighboring village or the surrounding countryside still blows about. Eventually, of course, weed eradication will have to be undertaken on a state-wide, nation-wide scale if we are ever to be rid of the pest. Meantime, however, some good may be accomplished if everybody pitches in and destroys as much as he can.

If, however, your hay fever is from grasses or trees, your chances of complete escape from the allergen are far fewer. In a Tennessee farming district, a dairy farmer is having to pull up stakes, leave his home place, and start life somewhere else after 41 years of suffering. He has discovered, finally, that he is allergic to seven varieties of trees that abound in his area. What brought him to his decision to take his family elsewhere and start all over was the simultaneous discovery that his 10-year-old son is allergic to two of the same trees, and six others besides, as well as to 13 different grasses, wheat dust, and tobacco.

This case demonstrates that there is a large inheritance factor in allergic diseases, and the inherited tend-

ency comes out strongest in hay fever and asthma; and following right after them are cases of eczema and dermatitis. Oddly enough, there is often no family history in cases of contact dermatitis from poison ivy. But this is the exception that proves the rule of inherited allergic tendencies. If someone in your family had asthma, even one or two generations back, you may be lucky and escape it. Chances are, though, that you have an allergy to something, and that it just needs the right set of circumstances to burst out.

The person who is allergic to grasses or tree pollens, or plain dust, will find relief if he installs room or window filters, or air conditions his house if he can afford to do so. The young child whose enemy is dust or feathers should be given a room with linoleum on the floor which can be frequently and thoroughly swabbed. He should have a metal bed, foam rubber mattress and pillows. Rugs, upholstered furniture, drapes, stuffed toys, objects that are dust catchers, should all be eliminated.

In addition, the doctor will probably build up resistance by injections aimed at desensitizing the patient to the allergen and reducing the severity of his symptoms. Immunization to the pollens and house dust in a great majority of patients is a very successful procedure. However, it may take several years to achieve this and it requires the cooperation of the patient.

When food is the culprit, it seems

unnecessary to point out that the way to avoid misery is to avoid the food which is the misery-causing allergen. Similarly, with pets, the child whose dog or cat or pony is found to be the cause of his asthmatic wheezing may be unhappy when he is deprived of the animal. But unless you want a semi-invalid on your hands, you'll have to be firm and the child, unhappily, will have to look at pets behind glass, in picture books or in Walt Disney's cartoons and TV shows.

THE American Foundation for Allergic Diseases has a variety of useful pamphlets and booklets, especially a new handbook on asthma for patients and doctors. The preparation and distribution of this readable, easily understood information and advice is part of the Foundation's public education program.

And the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., whose Dr. Margaret S. Tenbrinck has been engaged in a continuing study of allergy in employee groups, has issued a series of seven helpful suggestions for allergy sufferers for protection from allergy. They are:

1. The earlier an allergic disorder is discovered and treated, the better the outcome is likely to be. Early treatment may help prevent the development of complications or of a second disorder.

2. Every effort should be made to build up resistance to respiratory infections by healthful living habits.

The physician may prescribe vitamins, especially vitamins A and C, and other special treatment for keeping in good condition.

3. Points of infection should be treated or removed.

4. It is wise for allergic persons to try to avoid emotional tension and nervous fatigue, since the emotions influence the severity and frequency of attacks. Emotional instability in itself may be a factor in allergic-like manifestations.

5. Allergic persons should be tested before having an injection of a drug, vaccine, or serum; for example, before being given liver extract, or being immunized against a communicable disease. Care should be taken in the use of any drug which might cause sensitivity.

6. It might be well for allergic persons to reduce their contact with the substances which are common causes of allergy. Some suggestions are: (a) do not walk through fields of ragweed; (b) do not travel through the country in an open automobile during the pollen season; (c) avoid drafts, dampness, and long exposure to cold, raw air — for example, do not sleep out of doors or directly in front of open windows during cold weather; (d) take sensible measures to reduce exposure to house dust and other types of dust — for example, stay away from attics and other dusty places; (e) avoid inhaling strong fumes, powders, disinfectants and insecticides, or other products which contain pyrethrum or other ingredients that might be irritating to the respiratory tract; and (f) avoid using on your skin, hair, and nails, or al-

lowing your skin and hair to come in contact with, an unnecessary number of drugs, medications, cosmetics, dyes, plants, insecticides, strong cleansers and the like.

7. Special precautions should be taken to protect infants and children with known allergic tendencies: (a) follow the physician's advice about the diet of infants and young children — with careful feeding, it may be possible to avoid becoming sensitized (boiled fluid milk, dried milk, and evaporated milk are less likely to cause allergic reactions than plain fluid milk; whole eggs, raw vegetables and fruits, chocolate and other foods known to cause allergy should be introduced into the diet slowly; overfeeding should be avoided); (b) have infants and young children immunized against diphtheria, smallpox, whooping cough, and tetanus; (c) keep the nursery or the nursery space as dust-free as possible; (d) do not have cats, dogs, or birds in the house; (e) do not allow the child to sleep with stuffed wool toys which might contain rabbit hair, horse hair or other common allergens; and (f) be alert to mannerisms which might indicate allergic symptoms — sniffing or wrinkling the nose, or rubbing the eyes or nose (persistent rashes also may be a symptom of allergy).

Sufferers can live with their allergies but it will be a wonderful day when medical science divorces the unhappy victims from their poisonous allergic partners — the pollens, the molds, the bacteria and their motley kin.



Let's Keep APRIL FOOL'S DAY

BY PAT RANSIER BALAN

How many times have you fallen for an April Fool's Day gag? Probably many times, but unless some of us allowed ourselves to be "fools," we would lose this charming little day of fun.

Although the origin of April Fool's or All Fools' Day has been lost in the annals of history, it is generally believed that the custom resulted from the observance of the spring equinox. By the old calendar this also marked the beginning of the new year.

The adaptation of the reformed calendar by Charles IX in 1564, making the year begin on January 1, is thought to have been the start of April Fool's Day in France. Previously, it had been the custom to make new year's gifts and exchange calls on April 1 and many conservatives resented the change. People in favor of the change (Wags) sent the conservatives mock gifts and made calls of pretended ceremony, therefore making it a day of jest.

In India, the Feast of Juli, occurring on March 31, has been celebrated by sending people on foolish errands. April Fool's Day first became popular in England in the eighteenth century.

April Fool's Day also is noted in Sweden and the Sunday and Monday before Lent are approved in Lisbon for "playing the fool." In Lisbon it is thought extremely funny to pour water on anyone who passes or to throw powder in someone's face, and to do both is the ultimate perfection of wit.

There are many other tricks and practical jokes which are almost standard for the day and which all of us probably have had played on us at some time or other, for April Fool's Day is taken up by children and grown-ups alike. Unless you are careful, you may find that you, too, are an April Fool.

But the custom does add fun to what could otherwise be a very dull day, doesn't it?

Queen of the Garden

BY INA SINGLETON STOVALL

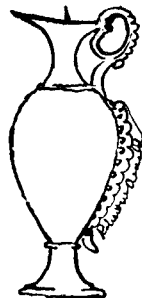


PEOPLES' tastes differ in flowers, but rare is the gardener who does not include in his garden at least one type of rose. Since the history of this blossom reaches back to antiquity, many legends have grown up around the rose, said to be created by the gods to welcome their favorite pin-up girl, Venus. This initial association of beautiful blossom with personal beauty has produced many tales, in some of which the Goddess of Love is presented as a doting mother.

Cupid, so one story runs, while kissing a rose, was stung by a jealous bee. When the small god complained to his mother, Venus gave him arrows tipped with bees, to shoot into the rose. So were born the thorns that make rose culling a sometimes painful job.

Many legends of the rose are linked with religious meaning. Sir John Mandeville tells of the Maid of Bethlehem, who, though innocent, was to be burned. The Virgin intervened, turning the red coals into red roses, the unlit faggots into white ones. These, says Sir John, were "the very first roses that ever any man sawe. Thus was this mayden saved."

The rosary is said to have been conceived by St. Dominic, who, in the twelfth century, got the idea from a garland of alternate white and red roses. Another story is that a pious youth daily wove the Virgin a wreath of 150 roses which he placed on the altar. Becoming a monk, he found he had no time for garland-weaving, but the abbeé told him to say 150 Aves instead. One day, going through the woods, he stopped to repeat his Aves. Robbers, lurking behind the trees, were about to pounce on the devout man when, before their startled eyes, materialized a heavenly apparition that caught each *Ave* as it fell from the lips of the monk, and turned it into



a rose, weaving of them a garland, which, as the roses grew smaller and smaller, the visitant finally slipped around the monk's neck. The awed robbers, the story adds, reformed immediately.

Nightingales and roses have an affinity that has made the pair the inspiration for many a song and poem. And, naturally, there is a legend. The nightingale, a haughty bird whom all the flowers tried in vain to please, felt that only a blossom created from his own blood would be good enough for him. So he pricked his breast and from the drop that fell a rose was born.

IN PERSIA, the rose was a favorite. Mohammed stated: "When I was taken up into Heaven, sweat fell to earth and from it sprang a rose." The idle gesture of a luxurious lady in India led to a future industry. Noorjehan, wife of Jehan-Geer, sitting by her pool one day, pulled a rose to pieces, scattering the petals on the water. Soon on the surface floated the oil which the sun had drawn from the rose leaves. Frowning at the ugly blotches, Noorjehan ordered a slave to remove them. The slave unwound a bit of gauze from her head and with it blotted up the oil. As she shook out the gauze to dry it, a delicious fragrance was wafted to the surprised and de-

lighted Noorjehan. She directed the slave to gather the remaining drops in a vial for Jehan-Geer, and so began attar-of-roses.

In classic times, the rose was the emblem of joy. Later, it came to connote secrecy and silence. A rose on the table indicated that the conversation was not to be repeated, thus originating the phrase "under the rose" or "sub rosa."

So white roses, indicating "hush-hush" were chosen as the badge of the Jacobites in their efforts from 1715 to 1745 to aid the two Pretenders.

Roses were the emblems in the famous struggles between the houses of York and Lancaster. Descended from Edward III, both houses

had rival claims to the throne. York's had the edge, from the point of view of hereditary rights, but Lancaster had parliamentary title, and, best of all, possession.

Finally, with the marriage of Henry VII, the two houses were united. A red rose was planted on one side of the palace entrance, a white on the other. And the next morning a new rose had bloomed, its white petals striped with red — the York and Lancaster.

The perfection of the rose and its scent have made it "the sweetest flower that grows" and the unrivaled Queen of the Garden.



The Plight of the Liberals

BY LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

ON THE national scene, there now appears an array of knights in shining armor, charging at full tilt against "the climate of fear." Upon the banner of each is inscribed: "I am a liberal." In the heat of battle, they storm the "enemy" with books galore, magazine articles, and orations. Much of the daily press records their exploits with awe. The majority of book reviewers acclaim their books and the Book of the Month Club often selects them. Great foundations heap gifts upon them, in order that they may have sustenance for the fray. The "liberals" have become a power.

But truth compels me to report that these bold warriors, despite their privileged position, are actually in a bad way. Too many of them are "hollow men," reliving Byron's taunt against the Lake poets. In the name of "democracy" and "freedom," to which they are supposedly dedicated, they advance the greatest present danger to our freedom, the Communist line. In loud opposition to "totalitarianism," they afford aid and comfort to the aggressions of the climax of totalitarianism, the Soviet dictatorship.

The "liberals," by and large, are the victims of political schizophre-

nia. What makes matters worse, they are unaware of this distressful disease — all of them save the concealed Communists in their midst, who are striving to make the affliction more incurable.

It is little wonder that the Communists commend these knights errant or praise them with faint damns — which is the same thing in the Red lexicon. It is fitting that the May, 1954, issue of *Masses and Mainstream*, the Soviet fifth column's publication for the intellectuals, recommends four books by these "liberals" for use among the masses, while of course cautioning the comrades not to take seriously the "liberal" trimmings of these Olympian utterances.

Outstanding among the warriors is Theodore H. White, whose 1953 work, *Fire in the Ashes*, was a Book of the Month Club selection and for a long time stood out among the best sellers. We can therefore take it for granted that it reached hundreds of thousands of educated Americans, thoroughly befuddling their minds. Several good and intelligent persons have told me confidentially that they could find "nothing wrong" in Mr. White's pages. Alas, the sole thing that is

basically wrong with his production is that it leads anyone who takes it seriously to accept the main features of the Communist line. It is a continuation of the same procedure by which the author made his contribution to the betrayal of China into the hands of the Reds, with his book of appeasement, *Thunder Out of China*.

Gifted with a facile style and an ability at anecdote, Mr. White leads us through a welter of words, which disdains documentary proof, to his pro-Communist conclusions. Stalin is presented as a "diabolical genius," who nevertheless made so many colossal blunders that we can negotiate ourselves into victory over the Kremlin. The historical reality that these alleged blunders have placed 900,000,000 human beings under the iron rule of no more than 10,000,000 Communists is a mere bagatelle in Mr. White's cheery view of the present scene. Nor is he apparently aware of the dreary road leading from Yalta to Geneva, strewn with the wreckage of American hopes. Nor does he take the pains to tell his readers that it is precisely "the Big Power negotiations" which he recommends that are shouted aloud as essential by every Communist source from the Kremlin and the *New Times* of Moscow to *Political Affairs* and the *Daily Worker*.

By recommending "deals" with the Kremlin by a "process of bargaining," Theodore White is urging that we do exactly that which

Moscow wants us to do for our destruction.

But this author leads us into a veritable wonderland when he discusses China and Germany, which play such a large part in Soviet designs. Proof is foreign to Mr. White's way of thinking, and thus without any proof of any sort, he asserts: "The Chinese Communist Party, as it stands today, is indeed the result of a conflict with Russian leadership." Thereupon, he proceeds to present Mao Tse-tung as one who differed constantly with the Kremlin, picturing the possibility of a breach between Peking and Moscow.

IT MAKES little difference to the facile Mr. White that his whole account flies in the face of the entire history of the Chinese Communist Party, which has always been second to that of Soviet Russia in its loyalty to the Kremlin. It is of little account to him that in 1935, at the Seventh World Congress, it was the Chinese Communist Party which was chosen to give the greetings to the 65 other Parties assembled in Moscow.

His fairy tale about the continual strain between Mao Tse-tung and Moscow is completely refuted by the declaration of the Chinese Communist Central Committee on that occasion that it would "facilitate the preparations for the decisive barricade fights for the Soviet power throughout the world." It would do this "filled with a practical Stalinist spirit, with Stalinist wisdom, with

Stalinist belief in the justice of our cause, and a Stalinist will to victory!"

And the fictions which Mr. White creates about Mao are refuted further by the Chinese Red leader himself in his writings from 1926 to 1936, which are now available in Volume I of his *Selected Works*, and in which he expresses complete adherence to Moscow.

Nothing daunted, our author goes on to recommend that the United States patiently wait until "Mao, himself, feeling his strength, conscious of Russian ambition and blunders, finds an opportunity to think for himself." This Theodore White presents as a "strategy" which requires that "we must turn quickly and shrewdly, our wounds still aching, with sorrow in ten thousand homes, to offer Mao Tse-tung an exit out of the Russian world into a larger and freer one where he can make his own decisions and act in his own interests."

This flood of words, disguising the nonsense which it contains, is a proposal that the United States betray itself once more by moves toward recognition of Red China — to allow Mao to search his soul!

The "strategy" put forward for Germany is even more like a fairy tale. In the following words it appears in all its glory: "What appears to worry the Russians, fundamentally, is the specter of an armed Germany as spearhead of an Atlantic coalition. By postponing the arming

of Germans, or yielding on it altogether, we can exact an enormous price. We can exact, in the first instance, the reunification of Germany by free elections, which is necessary to bring the Germans wholeheartedly into European Union. We can advance, and possibly ultimately get, the next proposal on our program, which is the promise of free elections in Czechoslovakia, the only people of democratic tradition in Communist grip."

The great strategist would have us believe that the United States, merely by waving the wand of wishful thinking, could induce the hard-bitten masters of the Kremlin to surrender East Germany and Czechoslovakia — of course, *after* we had opened up West Germany for Soviet conquest! No thought could give more succor to the Communist line for Europe than this.

NCESSARILY, the strategist who has such confidence in the Soviet dictatorship has many fears about the United States Congress, the representatives of the American people. "Congressional inquisitions" and "Congressional interference" with the Executive, in its yielding to Soviet Russia, are condemned. This dread of the Congress is an occupational disease with the "liberals," and pervades all their thinking.

Among those conspicuous in breeding this dread of the legislative branch of our government is Dr. Henry Steele Commager, professor

of history at Columbia University. In his latest opus, *Freedom, Loyalty, Dissent*, Dr. Commager goes so far as to take up the cudgels in defense of the National Lawyer's Guild. In his pages we read: "The House Un-American Activities Committee has launched an attack on the Lawyer's Guild as a pro-Communist or subversive organization. The chief basis for this attack is, as far as we know, that the Guild has proffered its services to the defense of Communists under indictment under violation of the Smith Act."

THE worthy doctor then goes into a lugubrious discussion which accuses the House Committee of seeking to deny the right of Communists to have counsel. Of course, the whole trouble with Dr. Commager's comments is that they are not based upon facts. He has given himself an escape by that qualifying phrase "as far as we know." But as a historian, the Columbia professor should know that the National Lawyer's Guild was condemned as "the legal bulwark of the Communist Party" in a careful report on September 17, 1950. The indictment read in part:

"The National Lawyer's Guild is the foremost legal bulwark of the Communist Party, its front organizations, and controlled unions. Since its inception, it has never failed to rally to the legal defense of the Communist Party and individual members thereof, including known espionage agents. It has consistently

fought against national, state, and local legislation aimed at curbing the Communist conspiracy. It has been most articulate in its attacks upon all agencies of the Government seeking to expose or prosecute the subversive activities of the Communist network, including national, state, and local investigative committees, the Department of Justice, the FBI, and law enforcement agencies generally. Through its affiliation with the International Association of Democratic Lawyers, an international Communist-front organization, the National Lawyer's Guild has constituted itself an agent of a foreign principal hostile to the interests of the United States. It has gone far afield to oppose the foreign policies of the United States, in line with the current line of the Soviet Union."

At the conclusion of this report, which is based on hearings and documentary evidence, the House Committee on Un-American Activities appends twenty-seven pages of comparative citations from the Communist Party declarations and those of the National Lawyer's Guild, which show that the Guild is consistent in following the Communist line. All of this evidence Dr. Commager waves aside, without any mention of the report whatsoever. It does not fit in with his preconceived intention of indicting the House Committee for an alleged offense which cannot justly be laid at its door.

THIS is one instance of scores that could be cited, indicating the scorn with which the "liberals" disregard the laws of true scholarship. When the facts do not fit in with their ideas or contentions, they simply omit or alter the facts.

Dr. Commager displays the same peculiar propensity when he declares that "independence and non-conformity" were under attack in "Senator McCarthy's assault upon the State Department and particularly upon Professor Lattimore and other Far Eastern experts." Here again, the doctor relies only on the material which suits his purposes, citing the notorious Tydings Committee and relying upon its whitewash of the State Department. So far as Commager is concerned, there have never occurred in recent American history the careful and extensive hearings and report under the chairmanship of the late Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada. There was never unearthed the Lattimore correspondence nor did there ever occur the amazing Lattimore testimony which caused the McCarran Sub-Committee to declare "the Far Eastern expert" to be "a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy."

Dr. Commager relies upon Theodore White's *Fire in the Ashes* to inform his readers of the sad impact of the McCarthy charges upon our Foreign Service, "especially on the China Service."

But Dr. Commager does not re-

fer to the evidence which showed conclusively that John Stewart Service of that China Service had presented the Soviet espionage agent, Philip Jaffe, with countless secret documents. Nor does he disclose the evidence on which John Carter Vincent, to cite one other of many, could be declared by the Senate Sub-Committee to be "the principal fulcrum of IPR pressures and influence in the State Department," and that such pressures had been such "as to serve international Communist interests and to affect adversely the interests of the United States."

This is an old custom of the "liberals," to disregard evidence from authoritative sources and to cite the words of other "liberals" instead — words which are based on opinion and have little or no substance.

THIS unique procedure is no better shown than in the case of Dr. Jerome Davis and his work, *Peace, War, and You*. The author quotes a letter from an anonymous radio commentator, whom he declares to be "an anti-Communist." We have no way of checking up on this man, and the doctor's measurement is scarcely one upon which we can rely, since he has been a member of at least fifty Communist fronts. He is so cited by the House Committee on Un-American Activities in its report of April 1, 1951, and his various services to the Communist cause fill the files of that committee.

But Dr. Davis quotes his "anti-Communist" radio commentator as stating that "the fear today is endemic" and as denouncing our effort to halt aggression in Korea as "the Korean barbarity."

Dr. Davis proceeds to follow another interesting method of the "liberals" — the presentation of a case in "objective" terms, leading either to confusion or to a pro-Communist conclusion. This was the method developed in such full bloom by Owen Lattimore, in always telling us what "the peoples of Asia" think, and always having them think in a pro-Soviet direction.

AND so the "liberal" trail meanders — through the acts and sayings of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, former Attorney General Francis Biddle, Elmer Davis, Leland Stowe, the Alsops, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and others — always shouting for "democracy" and helping to destroy it by aiding the immediate Communist objectives.

This plight of the "liberals" arises in large part because they have no philosophy. Liberalism proper — the unrestrained and untrammelled exaltation of the individual — is the source of their inspiration. Because it has led to so many obvious evils, including the barbarous exploitation of the worker in the past, they draw back from fully accepting it. Many of them rush into the camp of pragmatism, which means after all, hav-

ing no principles of any kind. For under pragmatism, that which is growing is moral and that which shows signs of dying is immoral. The methods by which the growth is attained are indifferent — and under this measurement, Communism should be today the most moral force in the world.

The "liberal" mind shrinks from this conclusion, for the "liberal" viewpoint is a negative one. These self-confessed free minds are, according to their own admissions, cringing with fear.

But the great question arises: What are they afraid of? It is not of Soviet Russia, whose growing power, by reason of the success of its psychological warfare, they constantly pooh-poooh or ignore. It is not the Communist conspiracy in our own country, for they declare it to be practically non-existent and decry any attack on the Soviet fifth column as "anti-intellectual."

In the "liberal" lexicon, it is the United States Congress, the ex-Communist who seeks to make amends for his past, or any measure which will effectively halt Red infiltration and aggression which must be feared. To do anything along these lines to save our freedom, in their eyes, is born of a "fear of freedom."

It is a strange world in which the "liberal" lives. Perhaps it is time we do something to see that this world does not come to dominate our own.



Trapping the Tax Dodger

BY BLAKE CLARKE

SPECIAL AGENT Jim Burke of the Internal Revenue Service was stymied. For several days he had been investigating the case of an obviously prosperous dentist who had reported a suspiciously low income. Burke had never gone over a neater set of books. They were kept by the dentist himself. At the top right corner of each patient's case history card was the fee, and it always matched the sum in the account book.

But Burke felt sure something was wrong, and he refused to give up. He picked up another case card, scrutinizing every mark on it. Suddenly something leaped out at him. The dentist routinely initialed each card. On this one, just below the first initial was a tiny dot. Did it mean anything?

Burke examined another case card. Dots this time were under the first initials — a dash was under the third.

The tax man made notations on his pad and then spent several days calling on the dentist's patients, asking them the fee paid for their last visit. In nearly every case, it was larger than the sum stated on the case card. Studying these differences, Burke broke the code. A dot under one initial meant that the dentist had not reported to Internal Revenue \$5 of his fee; a dash meant \$10 unreported. Three dots followed by a dash, and Uncle Sam was out tax on \$25. The dentist's actual income was almost half again as large as he had reported.

Jim Burke, along with some 1,300 others, has the all-important job of seeing to it that those who deliberately try to chisel on their income tax are criminally prosecuted.

Most Americans pay their taxes. They may not pay them gladly, but they pay them willingly, as long as they know that everyone else is

paying his fair share. Sooner or later the chiseler gets caught, and when he does, the honest taxpayer feels better about it all.

THE AVERAGE special agent looks like the family man next door. He is typically a cheerful, efficient fellow who lives with his wife and children in the suburbs and is known to others in the neighborhood simply as an employee of the Internal Revenue Service. No one associates his occasional absence on a business trip with the newspaper announcement perhaps months later that a roadhouse operator, a political boss or a "reputable" banker has been indicted for failure to pay his taxes.

The agent carries a gun on some cases, and is trained to take care of himself in a tight situation. His chief weapons, however, are pencil, paper and an alert, inquisitive mind.

An auditor on the Eastern seaboard making a routine examination of a filling station operator's return several months ago noticed on the books a large deposit, described as a loan. To be sure that this was not taxable income, the auditor checked with the bank. "No," said the cashier after looking through his accounts, "we have made no such loan."

When a special agent came to make further inquiry, an official of the bank asked him to step into his office. "I made that loan personally," he said nervously, "with some money that belonged to a friend of mine."

The friend was a prosperous textile manufacturer who had accumulated a large amount of cash which he had not reported to Internal Revenue. The banker put it out on loan for him and they split the proceeds from the interest.

Knowing that in a case like this a tax evader often makes deposits in accounts concealed by fictitious names, the agent visited other banks, showing a photograph of the textile operator. Before he finished, he went to 20 cities and turned up 63 accounts concealed by aliases. All contained unreported income.

The tax evader had acquired these huge sums mainly by cashing customer's checks in payment of sales which he then understated in dummy invoices. He pled guilty last August. His total taxes and penalties amounted to more than a million dollars. He also paid a \$5,000 fine and went to jail for a year and a half.

The special agent gets numerous leads from field offices. When local officers are convinced that serious irregularity exists, the District Director calls in the special agent.

On February 3, 1954, a worker in the Albany, New York, office, while going through the morning's incoming mail, noticed a refund request from a lady at a New York City address. Since anyone living in the city should file his return with the appropriate New York City District, the worker forwarded it there. The clerk putting the request

in its proper place saw another, bearing the same name.

A special agent called on the case went through thousands of claims in the New York City office, looking for a similar pattern of refund requests. He found several with the same given name, others with the same employer's name, all in the suspect's handwriting. Then he checked with the employers listed — they were nonexistent.

Confronted with the evidence, the lady confessed. She had filed 29 false claims, requesting over \$13,000 in refunds, of which she had already collected some \$4,000. She is now behind bars.

INFORMANTS give agents a number of leads that nearly always pay off. The amount paid for information depends upon how valuable it is — how specific, and how much tax money is recovered for Uncle Sam.

At income-tax paying time last year, a woman executive of a wall-paper manufacturing company in an Eastern city quarreled with her employer. She took revenge by calling up the Internal Revenue Service and describing in precise detail how he was cheating on his income tax. When the case was closed, her fee came to approximately \$11,000. Then, ironically, she violated the same law herself by not reporting her windfall. Admitting that she knew better and that her failure was deliberate, she got a \$5,000 fine and two months in jail.

Most of a good agent's leads, however, come from his own alertness. He reads the newspaper in a different way from most of us. Has an employer beaten up a book-keeper? Perhaps it was because the employee threatened to expose fraud in the accounts. Did someone lose a small fortune in diamonds stolen from her home? A check at the tax office will tell whether her husband reported earnings enough to make such purchases. News stories, ads and the society section may be replete with clues for the agent.

An agent in a California office read an ad in the morning paper practically guaranteeing income tax refunds for clients of a firm called, "Reliable Tax Consultants and Business Management." "We can get you a refund," it read. "We know all legal deductions."

This was so suspicious that the District Office decided to separate and examine all returns filed by this firm. Approximately 600 came in. Every one requested refunds, purportedly justified by exceptionally heavy medical expenses, auto repairs, taxes, and contributions to charity.

When an agent interviewed the firm's clients, many confessed that their advisor had put down fictitious and overstated deductions. He also learned that the senior partner had a long criminal record of extortion, counterfeiting and grand theft. When the case was tried, the guilty tax advisor was sentenced to five years

on each of ten counts, sentences to run concurrently.

One Sunday, an agent in a large Southern city read an interesting feature article in the magazine section of his favorite paper. It showed photographs of a fabulous \$50,000 collection of antiques owned by the woman operator of a local restaurant. She had just bought a 20-room mansion to receive these elaborate furnishings.

Monday morning the agent looked up the lady's income tax report. Her return was a modest one — totally out of line with such extravagant acquisitions.

When the agent went further into the case, he found that the restaurant, which was one of the busiest in the city, showed hardly any profit. A chief reason was that the place was buying too many antiques — over \$31,000 worth from one dealer. None of these objects were to be seen at the place of business. The owner was asked to pay roughly \$100,000 in back taxes and was sentenced to three years probation.

SOME CLUES are simply thrust upon the agent, who couldn't escape them if he tried. A special agent in the East was driving along in his car when a back tire of a car ahead blew out. To his amazement, fistfuls of green money flew from the blown-out tire and scattered along the side of the road.

The agent stopped, jumped out and gathered them up — dozens of

them — all denominations of \$50 and \$100. The woman driver was as astounded as he. Together they collected a total of \$100,000.

"What's that husband of mine been up to?" she exclaimed in an outraged voice. Half an hour earlier, she said, she had had a puncture in the tire on the same wheel. The repair man had put the spare from the trunk compartment into its place. Her husband, apparently, had cut open the inner tube and stuffed it with the money.

The agent went straight to the files and found that the husband had failed to note any such amount in his tax return. Summoned for questioning, he admitted that he had won the fortune in a shady deal and had cached it in the inner tube in hopes of avoiding payment of taxes.

An agent must know not only conditions prevalent throughout the business of the type he is investigating, but also the tricks of particular trade. A return from a New York furrier recently looked suspicious, because the labor costs deducted were higher than usual in the fur business. Suspecting hidden sales, a special agent went to talk it over.

"But most furriers do their biggest business in new coats," the proprietor protested. "With me, it's mainly repairs — and what's repairs but labor?"

The agent asked to see the books. He knew that a furrier engaged chiefly in repair work spends a lot of money on staining. These books,

however, showed a high proportion of labor costs for leathering, which is needed mainly in making new garments. This convinced the investigator that he was on the track.

The books indicated that the fur maker had all his pelts dressed and dyed by a single company. But in the storeroom, the revenue man found skins enough for 17 coats, all bearing stamps of other dyers. Confronted with this fact, the merchant admitted that he had acquired and sold some pelts he had not reported. These had been processed by other dyers, so he could keep his "regular" set of books straight. He paid his total tax obligation of \$85,000, and got off with a light jail sentence.

WHEN every other method of determining the income of a suspected tax evader has failed, the special agent compiles data on the suspect's net worth and standard of living. If his stated income is \$4,500 a year and he spends \$10,000, he must account for the difference.

Patient research and documentation of these facts have sent up many gangsters whose suspected crimes in other fields of jurisdiction could not be proved. Frank Costello, for example, was widely believed to be guilty of various shady dealings. Newspapers and magazines described him as a bootlegger and a leader in a crime syndicate and the Mafia. But no one had been able to prove the truth of these allegations and put him behind bars.

Costello was prominent on Internal Revenue's master list of criminals and suspects, so his file was under constant review. One year, he reported less than \$15,000 income. The Service men set out to get the facts.

Five agents worked constantly, and practically every field office from Canada to Mexico devoted some time to Costello's case. They documented his ownership of extensive real estate holdings — Wall Street buildings, Miami hotels, Nevada gambling houses. They uncovered stooge employees who received large salaries every year on which they paid the taxes and returned the rest to Costello. In five years, they turned up practically every tax dodge ever encountered by the Service.

The laboriously accumulated details sent Costello to jail for five years. Assessments for back taxes and penalties exceeded half a million dollars.

Why don't tax chiselers just hide accumulated income, deceiving the tax man by avoiding display? People who do this eventually have to ask themselves why they cheated to save the money in the first place. The answer: to spend it. So they dig it up, and soon are living higher than their reported income can justify.

A Florida kingpin in the bolo game, a Cuban version of the numbers racket, had put aside nearly \$500,000 when he faced this di-

lemma. When he dug up the money from his cellar, to his dismay he found it badly mildewed.

Perhaps he was genuinely conscience-stricken, or possibly he wanted to see whether the currency would have to be redeemed — at any rate, he gave \$300,000 of it to his church.

The church's bank sent it to the U. S. Treasury for redemption, and, as a matter of routine, the Treasury men informed the income tax agents. Soon the whole story was out, and the donor had to pay full taxes and penalties, and received a suspended sentence.

MOST of us are salaried people or wage earners; our incomes are a matter of record, easy to check. The salaried person who tries to dodge taxes usually does so by claiming more dependents than he has. One young woman claimed a grandfather dead 17 years. A western cowpuncher claimed his dog, "Sally."

Routine spot checks catch a certain number of these small-time chisellers and frighten many more. The best policing, however, is by honest employees who have access to office records for withholding taxes. They see that John Jones is claiming four dependents when he has only one, feel that it isn't fair, and give the Internal Revenue Service an anonymous tip.

Some people who think they are getting away with something by failing to file a return are simply

hurting themselves. A housemaid making \$50 a week tried this trick. The revenueurs detected her failure while spot checking with Social Security, and she was in trouble.

What if this maid's employer had not paid any Social Security for her, and so kept her name off the record? Since she had dependents and did not actually work a full 52 weeks a year, she owed less than \$100 for the year's taxes. But, had she not seen to it that her earnings were on record with Social Security, she would have done herself out of approximately \$65 a month later on.

The special agent makes about \$6,000 a year salary. And the record shows that he is literally worth more than his weight in gold. At \$36 an ounce, 175 pounds of gold would cost \$100,800. Last year, cases completed by special agents resulted in recommendations for additional taxes and penalties averaging over \$180,000 for each agent.

The indirect benefits of his work are even greater. Every time an evader is caught, voluntary disclosures of fraud roll into District offices.

And no one knows how many a would-be fraudulent taxpayer, reaching for his return to perform major surgery on sales figures or to raise costs, remembers the case of a once-respected citizen now taking a year-and-a-day vacation in the Federal prison, and decides not to run the risk.

IDYLL

BY JOY M. COLLINS

WHEN Spring called warmth into her days, the bud loosened her dark cloak to reveal a ruffle of green at her throat, and when birds began to sing of love, and the laughter of little winds to fill the air, she stretched out towards freedom and the brown cloak fell from her shoulders.

Hers was the beauty of tender youth and the miracle of fragility sprung from the mighty chestnut tree.

She was a leaf now and she stood among her sister leaves listening to the rippling murmur of their skirts and seeing in their sunlit faces a radiance she did not dream she, too, possessed. Looking up from the lowest bough, it seemed to her that the higher dwelt the leaves, the more beautiful they were and, as befitted those who lived close to the sky, the beauty of the topmost leaves was scarcely of this world at all.

Sometimes when darkness hid reality, she imagined that she was the highest of the leaves. Then she danced with the stars in the moonlit

court of the heavens. But this was only make-believe, and when the grey dawn came, she was again the lowliest of things, trembling before the wind in the morning.

In time, a prickly burr grew close to the leaf.

He was not beautiful, but, when summer days were in the fields, the leaf filled the long, still hours with dreaming. Sometimes she dreamed that she and the burr had crossed the shimmering line where the hot sky burned against a golden hill; sometimes she dreamed of a knight whose armor had grown green with age but in whose heart was a shining love which made her fairer than the high leaves who might have pillowed their heads upon white clouds, and brighter than the very stars. Or in the sound of summer rain, murmurous among the trees, she heard the soft love paean of her knight. His voice was softer than the singing wind and his words made her a queen, 'though it were but for a time brief as the reign of the evening



star before the rising of the moon.

THERE came a night when the world was more still than the leaf had ever known it. The moon wore a silvered veil and the stars looked down with a clear, unwinking gaze. The hedges were silent and no small thing stirred in all the woods. No wind moved over the fields where dark shadows stood still and unwavering. Through the night the ghost of snow, pale Frost, came stealing and laid a phantom hand on all the land, blanching the dark fields and bringing to the leaves the fatal gift of a silver gown. But the little lowly leaf who had dreamed so long saw not in this the pattern of her future shroud but a gown woven of stardust and silver threads of a young moon's light, a gown to win the heart of a knight now truly clad in shining armor.

How should she know when she spread her silvered skirts before him,



that it was the wild beating of his heart which burst his weathered armor and threw him to the ground far below her feet? How should she know if his dark face gazed up in admiration—or with a blank unseeing stare?

When the veiled moon had crept

from the sky, the shattered remnants of his armor were all that remained close to the leaf, and the memory of the dark glistening of his

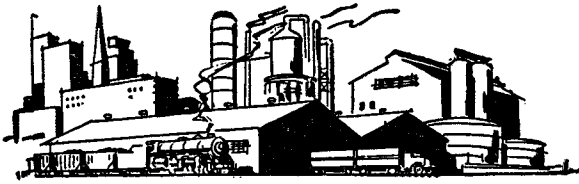


falling body. The cruelty of the Frost set the first lines of fading beauty on her face.

But dreams need never die and now the leaves of all trees joined her in dreaming, for they wore the red of blood and the rotting yellow and the black of death to dance to the music of Autumn winds with a gay abandon which belied the passing of their days. She alone had another purpose in her dancing, for she dreamed that he watched its beauty always and only waited for its ending to come to her forever. So she rested not, for the life of the dance was the life of the dream. But the dance grew weary and on another night when the world was still, she slipped from life.

Was it the dream that carried her floating gently down and laid her lifeless arms about his long-loved form?





SOLVENCY *and* SOVEREIGNTY

By Robert Rasmussen

SOME two decades before the Pilgrims set sail in the *Mayflower*, one of Queen Elizabeth's armies was in Ireland attending to Her Majesty's favorite business of doing unpleasant things to the Irish. Since the English soldiers spent their pay in Ireland, the home government saw an opportunity to provide another unpleasantry: pay the soldiers in "substitute" money instead of "real" money. In that way the wages of the soldiers could be saved for the Crown; the soldiers wouldn't lose anything; and if anyone got hurt it would be an Irishman who, in the Queen's eyes, deserved every pain he suffered.

So, by Elizabeth's decree, the

royal mint coined up a batch of pretty metallic coins for English soldiers to spend in Ireland. It was not advertised, of course, that these specially minted coins were light in silver and heavy in alloy. That was to be a surprise for the Irish.

As was bound to happen, a merchant in Ireland eventually received, in the course of business, a considerable amount of these "mixt" coins (as they came to be

called). This merchant, upon receiving a shipment of goods from another merchant in England, made payment in the fake coins and thereby touched off the celebrated "Case of Mixt Monies in Ireland." The English merchant was told, truthfully enough it would seem, by the Irish merchant that his problem was one which the English merchant would have to take up with Her Majesty's government. Elizabeth died before any decision was reached, so the headache descended, along with the throne, to James I.

After long study of history and pondering of evidence, the Lords Justices of England, in the year

1605, rendered a historic decision to the Privy Council: in a nutshell the decision was that *only the sovereign can say what is money*; and money is precisely what the sovereign says it is. Since the Queen had said the "mixt" coins were money, the unhappy London merchant would have to be content that the Irish merchant had duly paid his bill.

In the course of their findings, the Lords Justices also gave expression to this chain of reasoning, through to its inescapable conclusion: ". . . in every commonwealth, it is necessary to have a standard of money, for no commonwealth can subsist without contracts, and no contracts without equality; and no equality in contracts without money." It is noteworthy that they said "a standard of money" in the singular. There is no room in equity for plural money media; no provision in justice for some "real" money and some "substitute" money.

Hence, we are justified in suspecting that those wise men who drafted our Constitution knew what they were doing when it was provided that Congress, *as representative of the sovereign people* of the U.S., had sole power to establish and govern the nation's money system.

Thus we can identify and appraise the importance of these premises:

1. The sovereign (and if the *people are sovereign* then the people themselves) shall say what money is; and money shall be precisely what the sovereign says it is.

2. The sovereign (or sovereign people) have said "what is money"; then that which is money must be the sole single medium which will be "real" money. Any and every other thing that scheming persons may seek to popularize for use as money must be recognizable as a "substitute" for "real" money.

WHETHER in history there has been a money system, there has also been the practice of borrowing and lending money. It is equally true that debtors who are unable or unwilling to satisfy their creditors will do two things: 1) dislike their creditors; and 2) resort to any action available to them to avoid payment. It is true, too, that creditors who find difficulty in collecting from debtors will also do two things: 1) despise their debtors; and 2) use all forces available to collect the debt or else take over the debtor's possessions.

To be sure, ethics would seem to be involved in debtor/creditor relationships, but one aspect of the relationship is that all too frequently debt contracts are entered into when one party or the other (and sometimes both) have legalized larceny in mind; one, contemplating an asset-concealed bankruptcy; the other, a lucrative security foreclosure. Other ethical aspects of debtor/creditor relationships deserve to be treated separately.

By the simple process of evolution, the function of governments

periodically becomes increasingly devoted to the debtor/creditor conflict and the field of legislation increasingly its battleground. If enough people are in debt that they tend to homogenize into a "debtor class," the automatic reciprocal concept of an opposed "creditor class" arises and a class against class political issue is born.

At the village level, we have all witnessed some phase or other of the conflict revolving about this "class" principle, as for example, whether childless landlords or prolific tenants should shoulder the cost of schooling. As we ascend the scale of higher legislative authority and responsibility, from village to town, to city, to county, to state, and to national levels, the debtor/creditor class conflict principle may be glimpsed along the way. Passing from national into international scenes, the principle of association of creditor-groups and of debtor-groups into hostile camps is too apparent and historically true to need more than the mention.

UNTIL the closing years of the seventeenth century, national debts were unknown. Unknown also were banks as they function today. In Europe, each king or prince or titled whatnot tried to collect enough in levies from his subjects to meet expenses. Dating from the Middle Ages, the practice had grown almost universal in Europe for each king, or other-styled sovereign, to attach to himself a "court banker."

These "court bankers" would tide the sovereign over with loans when he was temporarily short of funds and often served as royal tax collectors and handled other fiduciary matters for him.

There was, of course, latent in the foregoing relationship the debtor/creditor conflict of interest, but so long as the sovereign was *solvent* and could square accounts with his financial backer, he was not necessarily bound to subservience to him. Likewise, so long as the creditor was able to collect that which was owing to him he was content.

It was when a sovereign was unable to meet his obligations that mischief rode in because an "insolvent sovereign" could remain "sovereign" only by resorting to one of two alternatives: 1) repudiate his debts and confiscate the possessions of his creditors (as many kings did); or 2) conform the will of the sovereign to reflect the will of the sovereign's creditors (as many other kings did). If the sovereign chose the first alternative, his throne would become most rickety because he would not be apt to find another new credit source. If he chose the second alternative he would have to grant special privileges, monopolies and other favors at the cost of royal patrimony and, even if he was not obliged to send his subjects into a war to extract tribute from a neighbor king, he could not help but impinge in some degree upon his subjects' welfare and cultivate unrest.

Thus the lesson was taught long, long ago that the debtor/creditor relationship between the sovereign and his creditors most often spelled the quality of governance coming down to the citizenry.

American history begins in an atmosphere of royal financial stress in England. The demands of creditors of a long succession of English kings had alienated most of the farmlands and forests of England which had once been claimed by the Crown. Thereafter, between 1600 and 1700, lands in North America claimed by the Crown passed into ownership of private proprietorships. What now is Pennsylvania, for example, was ceded to William Penn to satisfy a £16,000 loan which Penn's father had made to Charles I.

Charles II, on regaining the throne of England, took money from Louis XIV of France (which money Louis seems to have borrowed from his own Court Banker) on condition that England would help France crush the Dutch Republic. By the time James II became King of England, the treasury was not only in a chronically empty condition but practically everything was gone which the Crown could offer as security for more loans.

Across the Channel was another impecunious, would-be English sovereign, Prince William of Orange. Grandson of the beheaded Charles I, and husband of Mary, daughter of the insolvent James II, he was a potent pretender to the English

throne if James could actually be ousted. The main obstacle to this contemplated adventure was that Prince William had inherited a vast debt from his own father and would need a sizeable "grubstake." It was forthcoming in the form of a loan of 2,000,000 gulden, handed to William by Amsterdam money lenders.

In December, 1688, William and Mary landed in England, with an army, to take over. The commander of the English troops defending James II crossed over and joined the Prince's camp during the night before the battle was to have been fought. There wasn't much of a battle and James II fled to France. In January, 1689, Prince William of Orange, and Mary, his wife, were proclaimed King and Queen, joint sovereigns, with all royal duties to be discharged by the King. That shift from one "insolvent sovereign" to another, at the behest of the sovereigns' creditors, is dignified in the books of English history as "The Revolution of 1688."

WITH the coming of this new sovereign, there also came to England another novelty. Whereas in the past all borrowings for government purposes had been by, and on the faith and credit of, the Crown, it now was soon arranged that all future borrowings would be by, and on the faith and credit of, Parliament. Since the new king was not solvent, the king's *subjects* were henceforth to be a "sovereign peo-

ple." To facilitate this transfer of debtor/creditor responsibility from the sovereign king to his solvent sovereign subjects, three events of greatest subsequent historical consequence were brought about:

1. A *twelve-year* royal charter was granted and the Bank of England was founded. (That was 260 years ago.)

2. The national debt, as an obligation of English citizens, was initiated. (It started at less than £1,500,000 in 1694 and was up to a merry £848,000,000 in a little more than 100 years.)

3. The Civil List was established whereby Parliament undertook to segregate from ordinary government expenses the expenses of the royal household and to provide the "sovereign" with revenues adequate for them. (They had to eat, naturally.)

The Bank of England, in exchange for making a loan to the government to initiate the national debt, received the privilege of issuing its own bank notes for use as money, that is, as "substitute" money. The Amsterdam owners of the Bank were the erstwhile "grubstakers" of the new king. Now all was in readiness to commence in England the sinister practice of monetizing debt — private as well as public debt.

For those who do not clearly understand the meaning and significance of the expression "monetizing debt," it should here be briefly explained. It is a technique in money manipulation in which two or more

media are permitted to function as "money" at the same time and place. There may be a certain quantity of clearly designated money circulating in the nation. If the sovereign says it's money, it is "real" money. Every other thing put into circulation for use as money is a "substitute" for "real" money.

The most common money substitutes are bank notes and bank deposits (checkbook variety). Unless or until the sovereign (and here in America, the sovereign people) clearly spell out in law exactly what is "real" money, the absence of such law leaves the people naked of knowledge of what their real money is and they are fair game for purveyors of "substitute" money-creating schemes.

THE USUAL form of "substitute" money is a *promise to pay* "real" money. Banks issuing their own bank notes, or accepting deposits against which the owners may draw checks, are simply giving out money "substitutes" against which they assume the obligation to pay and do promise to pay "real" money to persons who surrender up money "substitutes" for exchange back into "real" money.

When a bank issues more money "substitutes" (bank note issues and checking account deposit liabilities combined) than the amount of "real" money held in its physical possession, it is said to be operating on a "fractional reserve"; and when

a bank *loans* these money "substitutes" to borrowers (or uses them to buy promissory notes, mortgages, bonds, or other evidences of debt — public or private) the bank is "monetizing debt."

It follows that the total issued quantity of money "substitutes" will increase proportionally as the total quantity of debts owing to the bank increases. Likewise, when borrowers from the bank use money "substitutes" previously issued by the bank to pay off their debt to the bank, it is obvious that the quantity of its total outstanding money "substitutes" will be correspondingly reduced. That process is "demonetization of debt."

The first process just described is termed "credit expansion"; the last process, "credit contraction." If the first process is rapid or prolonged it results in a bloating of the quantity of "substitute" money: Inflation. If the reverse process is rapid or prolonged it results in a constriction of the quantity of "substitute" money: Deflation.

SINCE prices of some things tend to rise while some other prices decline, in an inflation, and tend to move oppositely during a deflation, it is one of the oldest truths of monetary and banking experience that if a nation has a money system under which debts can be monetized and demonetized through the nation's banking system — with the citizenry unversed in distinguishing

"real" money from "substitute" money, *then who ever are masters of that banking system are masters as well, for better or for worse, of the nation's price-manipulating machinery — and the fortunes of their fellows as well.*

The origin of the Bank of England as an instrument through which a shrewd few people could manipulate the nation's money system — thus, at least, of historical interest, even if some of our present day statesmen do not recognize the parallelism between the purpose and function of the Bank of England and the purpose and function of its later imitation, the Federal Reserve Banking System in our own land.

When it is so clearly and repeatedly demonstrated in history that *without solvency*, sovereignty is a hollow pretense, we would do well to ponder that *forty-odd years ago the U.S. Government was virtually debt free and the sovereign people were by and large huskily solvent.*

In the forty years since 1913 when the alien idea of the Federal Reserve Banking System was, with alien sponsorship, "sold" to Woodrow Wilson, the American people have seemed to be obsessed with the urge to fight their way deeper and deeper into debt. On a per capita basis our net public and private debt now is around \$5,000. Are we a solvent people today? Or have we been duped into insolvency with the purpose of destroying the sovereignty which was our heritage?

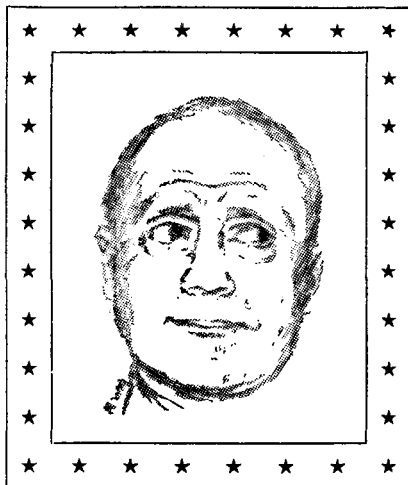
Staying Young's Their Business



*Stars Share a
Dozen Rules
Which Keep
Age at Bay*



**By
Duane Valentry**



FIFTY years ago, a blonde young woman began work as a waitress in her father's restaurant, singing songs on the side. Today at 70, the renowned Sophie Tucker is touring the country on one of her greatest tours and still packing them in at the boxoffice.

In her golden jubilee year of entertaining a vast army of young and old fans, the hale and hearty "Soph," a single back in the days of Nora Bayes, Trixie Friganza, and Irene Bordoni, has no intention of retiring. She's too busy planning new routines, new towns to visit, and new friends to make, and most of all, she's too busy living in the present.

"Never retire!" is a slogan with many of the people whose business it is to stay young. They're too occupied to take note of the passing of

years, and by keeping busy they keep the spirit from withering. Not content to retire to a corner on some shaded porch with memories for company, these glamorous folk stay ageless by "living it up" and by shrugging off time.

"I take no account of birthdays," says Beatrice Lillie, who has been entertaining a couple of generations now. "Being young must come from within. To fuss with your face keeps the wrinkles away but if your spirit gets withered you still will seem old."

Friends and fans on both sides of the Atlantic find the one and only Bea unchanged each time they see her. Right diet plays an important part in keeping this star slim and healthy, for, as she contends, "You can't feel funny if you don't feel well. I don't eat bread, potatoes, or carbohydrates of any kind very often, and only two meals a day when I'm working. One thing, though, you don't feel healthy when your system doesn't have perfect elimination and never in my life have I had to take a pill to correct this."

Ginger Rogers is another past-forty beauty who believes dieting is easy with the proper attitude, and an all-important part of staying young. Her method is to eat only when she is hungry and never more than she wants.

"A person has a choice to keep a young body or to let it become aged," she says. "Once you have

formulated your desire, put it into action, follow through."

CLAIRE TREVOR's recipe for youth is never to worry — and it must work because she never seems to get any older.

"I think it's important never to worry about age — it doesn't do any good — it does harm. Keep interested and busy! There is nothing like boredom to age a person."

Other stars who subscribe to the "Never Worry" school are many. Barbara Stanwyck worries so little about the years that she has let her hair go grey and likes it better that way. To Gilbert Roland, whose youthful face and figure at 50 are the envy of younger male stars, not worrying and exercise are of equal importance.

"For one thing, I play tennis every day of the year," he says. "And then I do not worry. I do not eat myself up inside by fretting about things. That's what makes people old."

"Be flexible," says perennially youthful Irene Dunne. "Keep your spine flexible as well as your point of view. There is nothing that will age you like a rigid mind and a rigid body. It's taboo to say or even think, 'I can't do this at my age.' There is something for every age."

Varied interests will permit this suppleness of mind no matter what the calendar says, according to Miss Dunne. Her own interests include politics and charitable activities.

"Too many people confuse youth — or the lack of it — with wrinkles. But to me youth is more than a smooth complexion. It is an expression on a face which includes vitality, enthusiasm, and a participation in life. Accent your interests and you can't miss accenting your youth."

This belief is echoed by Spring Byington, who paces her radio and television work with stage and screen, and who feels flexibility — mental and physical — is the real secret of youth.

"The last thing I am concerned about is growing old," she chuckles. "It is not how many years you have accumulated that is important, but the grace with which you live them. I never think about my age but I do watch out for signs which come with growing old."

These signs include resistance to the new and a growing inability to listen. "I have a whole list of these signs," says Miss Byington, "but when you stop listening, you stop growing."

LIVING in the present and having a variety of interests does the trick according to ever-glamorous Paulette Goddard.

"Being ageless," she declares, "comes from having interests — an awareness of what is going on."

Gloria Swanson, whose name has long synonymized glamour, agrees. She believes age is mental and does not dwell on the passage of time.

"Age is a word that has no more meaning than you give it. Most people tie themselves down with the thought of their birthday. It never occurs to me to remember mine. I am never bored, but am just as enthusiastic about living as I ever was. I divide my time between television, play, and picture considerations, and my varied business interests."

If you would be young, no matter what your age, keep your zest! Ethel Barrymore, celebrating her seventy-fifth year, has not lost hers. Equally zestful is 90-year-old Adeline De Walt Reynolds, an actress since 1942. Friends thought she had lost her senses when she decided to learn the business of acting, but she went on with her plans.

"God has given us the later years to make our dreams come true," she says. "I don't believe in obstacles, only in challenges, and the way to meet them is through faith, prayer, gratitude, and hard work. You need happiness in what you are doing at the moment, and an eagerness for tomorrow. Yesterday isn't important. Why sit and wait to tear pages off the calendar?"

Because she had always wanted to go to college but never was able to, this dauntless woman enrolled at 64, working her way through by tutoring students in French. At 70, she learned to tap dance, swim, and fence.

"When people tell me I'm too old to do something I go right out and show them how wrong they are.

Don't ever believe it's too late. It never is, if you refuse to surrender any of your ambitions!"

Edmund Gwenn is another who thinks retirement bad for the soul. "If I had nothing to occupy my mind I would wilt. If they'll let me, I'll continue to act till I die."

Youthful Maureen O'Sullivan, mother of seven children, feels that this is as good a time as any, now that her youngsters are growing, to concentrate on a renewal of her career.

"A mother frequently can gain much both for her children and herself by staging an exit from her home when her youngsters begin to grow up," she avers. "By that, I don't mean a mother should quit her home, but that she should minimize her household duties, and take up a career which she may have neglected. I am sure that my children will derive inspiration from the fact that I am working again."

WORLD-FAMOUS dancer, Ted Shawn, has not let age play the tyrant. "A new life begins at 60," he wrote recently. "Certainly I feel no diminution of my physical or mental powers, and life has more zest than ever. I look forward, ea-

gerly and with joy, to at least two more decades of rich, vital and creative activity."

Learning new skills challenges senility, according to many of these vibrant young-at-hearts. Hale Walter Pidgeon likes to climb to the top branches of his trees and has become deft at the pruning chore. Charles Coburn is faced with new demands for each television and screen role and has mastered dueling, tap dancing, and the Samba, among others.

"Whenever an adult undertakes to acquire a new skill," says one authority, "whether it is typewriting, playing an instrument, or making pottery, he voluntarily enters into a situation where he is sure to look awkward at the start, sure to make mistakes. The ability not to mind looking awkward, the ability to make mistakes without embarrassment is one of the most youth-insuring powers I know."

Perhaps the best summing-up of the youth recipes for those who refuse to grow old is contained in the words once written by James A. Garfield:

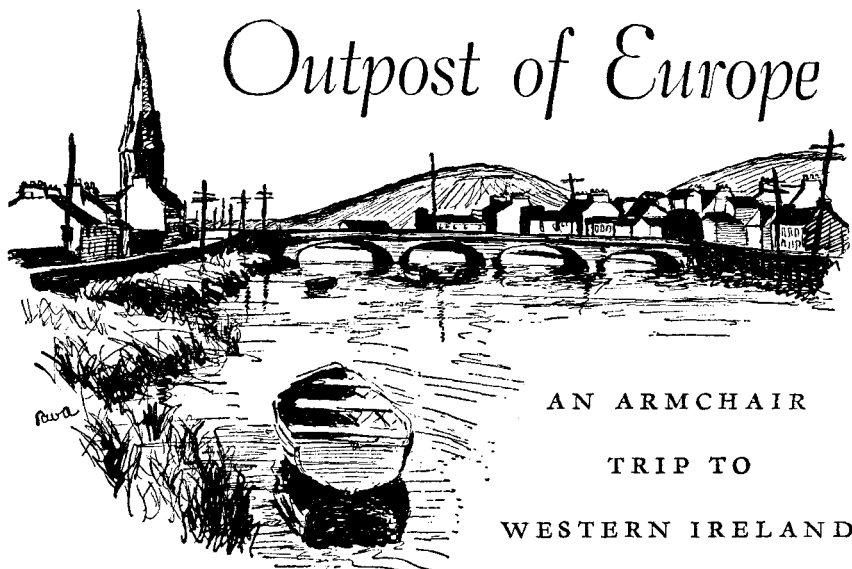
If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should not grow old.



I am ready to meet my Maker. Whether my Maker is prepared for the great ordeal of meeting me is another matter.

— WINSTON CHURCHILL

Remark on eve of his 75th birthday



Outpost of Europe

AN ARMCHAIR

TRIP TO

WESTERN IRELAND

By W. J. ROSS

IN MY HOLIDAYS I traveled 250 miles from Belfast in the North of Ireland — and found another Ireland. Yes, there are two Irelands. One is composed of 29 counties. The other is composed of three — Galway, Mayo, and Clare.

Soon after leaving the old county town of Roscommon and heading for the Atlantic coast, you enter that other, smaller Ireland, which is as different from the larger as day is from night. You can sense the gradual change as the trim hedges surrounding each field give way to walls of many-sized stones and to rock-strewn soil. You have arrived

in Western Ireland, a region which laughs at progress and is quite content to plod along in its simple way and let the rest of the world go by.

Here and there along the dusty road, a barefooted boy or girl will be encountered leading a donkey loaded with turf, which is carried in "creels" slung across the animal's back.

Western Ireland is a little world of its own — a world which demands little from life, gets little, and is quite happy with what it gets. It is the land of the poet, Yeats, and the artist, Paul Henry; of a

world of poetry, music, and art.

It is the land of legend, of folklore, and of the supernatural. It is the land of hardy fisherfolk and small farms. It is the country of trout streams, wild moorland, majestic mountains, and the scene of that lovely film, "The Quiet Man."

Right in the heart of this other Ireland is romantic, brooding Connemara. What a wonderful place it is! Paul Henry has placed many of its scenes on canvas and done them justice, but one must become a part of them to capture the enthusiasm which they so surely arouse. They have to be seen in reality to be believed.

I stood entranced on the dusty road which straggles through the heather-strewn countryside between Oughterard and Maam Cross. I had caught my first glimpse of the distant mountains, rising, sun-flecked, from the dark brown lough-studded bog lands.

Near Maam Cross, I had a chat with an elderly man in his small house on the edge of a trout stream. For an hour I sat in his spotless kitchen while he recounted stories of Connemara life.

What a storyteller! What a philosopher! Here was a man who possessed little more than the clothes he wore, yet he was one of the happiest souls I have ever encountered. "We ask but little of life in these parts," he remarked, "but somehow we always get more than we ask."

Leaving the lovely old city of Galway—a place fairly teeming with history—I took the picturesque coast road which passes through Salthill and Barna. After leaving Barna village, the other Connemara came in view. Here is the Connemara of tiny fields, stone walls, thatched cottages, rocks, and ferns. Here is the Connemara of the picture-postcard which the visitor to Ireland sends to his friends back home.

Stretching away as far as the eye can see is a landscape of stones and rocks, dotted with whitewashed cottages in which abide, close to nature, a people who would not willingly change places with the wealthiest in the land.

SOUTH CONNEMARA belongs to them. They are as much a part of it as are the eternal rocks on which their homes are built. Ask for a drink of water at one of these houses. You will not get it. Instead you will get a mug of milk and, if the kettle is on the fire, and it usually is, you will be invited to have a cup of tea.

Seated on the ancient bridge which spans a babbling stream on the outskirts of the Gaelic-speaking village of Spiddal, I recalled the lines by a poet whose name escapes me at the moment:

" . . . and I thought — if there's peace
to be found in this world
A heart that was hopeful might wish
for it here."



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Never before in our time has an idea burst upon the American people with the seductive promise and the moving emotional overtones of the United Nations of 1945. The UN was to be the "parliament of nations,

the federation of the world" that Tennyson sang of. It was to establish the law of right in a disordered world. It was to internationalize "democracy." It was to supply a bridge of coexistence and good will between the Communist and the free world. All these things were to be done painlessly, through peaceful persuasion and generous transfusions of American gold.

It is difficult now to reconstruct the slightly mad atmosphere between 1943 and 1945.

It was an apocalyptic period, when every other political yearner whom one met was prepared to pull a blueprint of an ideal postwar world from his gaping briefcase. It was a trusting period when President Roosevelt set the tone of national opinion when he confided (to Madame Chiang Kai-shek) that if we would just treat dictator Stalin as a gentleman, we could trust him to react in kind. In this supercharged atmosphere, the voices of the clergy were loudest in their plea that we must take steps, after peace, to make this the last war.

TO GIVE us a frame of reference, it will be interesting to recall the "Six Pillars of Peace" which the Commission on a Just and Durable Peace, with John Foster Dulles as chairman, proposed in 1943 as the basis for the peace settlement. This document indicates clearly what the Protestant churches expected from the nascent United Nations. The

"Six Pillars of Peace" were:

- (1) The peace must provide the political framework for a continuing collaboration of the United Nations and, in due course, of neutral and enemy nations.
- (2) The peace must make provision for bringing within the scope of international agreement those economic and financial acts of national governments which have widespread international repercussions.
- (3) The peace must make provision for an organization to adapt the treaty structure of the world to changing underlying conditions.
- (4) The peace must proclaim the goal of autonomy for subject peoples and it must establish an international organization to assure and supervise the realization of that end.
- (5) The peace must establish procedures for controlling military establishments everywhere.
- (6) The peace must establish in principle, and seek to achieve in practice, the right of individuals everywhere to religious and intellectual liberty.

This, of course, was a minimal program and did not include many of the ambitious ideas, such as an international police force, which were supported almost unexceptionally by forward-lookers during these years.

When the Dumbarton Oaks outline of the later UN was announced in 1944, the Federal Council of Churches (forerunner of the present National Council) hailed it enthusi-

astically and declared that:

We believe that the proposed organization, with such beneficial modifications as ought to result from further consideration by the prospective members, can be developed into one that will commend itself to the Christian conscience.

The Council was not satisfied with everything which had been done by the UN fathers, but it felt confident that the UN could be made into the world organization which would realize Christian ideals. Rev. Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen, president of Union Theological Seminary, summed up the general spirit when he saw Christianity "holding before those who have eyes to see the reality of a world community which no human force can destroy."

WHAT the devout-minded men of the churches saw in the rising star of the UN was a global force which would build the kind of a world which generous-spirited men could live in. During the intoxicating months of late 1944 and early 1945 it seemed that such a world was in parturition.

The dream did not survive the first UN year.

Probably the decision of the first days which best indicated to all intelligent men that the UN was not going to guarantee world peace was the torpedoing of the American offer to internationalize atomic energy through a system of thorough-going controls and inspection. Since the

United States at the time had a virtual monopoly of the atom bomb and could have used it, had she wished, to impose American control over the world, this offer was magnanimous — probably to the point of foolishness. Had Russia entertained the slightest intention of abandoning the aim of world domination, it would have leaped at the opportunity which Washington held out.

Instead, Russia was feverishly working at the time to perfect her own A-bomb, and her only concern was to decoy America into giving her time to catch up. The UN turned out to be an almost ideal instrument for such a delaying operation. Stalin's men quickly bogged down the atomic debate with a confusing jet of alternative proposals, including the absurdity that the United States destroy its whole stockpile of A-bombs. The whole atomic issue became enmeshed in a tangle of technicalities. It is still before the General Assembly Atomic Energy Commission — unsolved after ten years of UN existence. Meantime, Russia has won time to perfect, first the A-bomb, and then the H-bomb, and to lift herself to virtual offensive equality with the United States.

The atomic run-around was a painful revelation of the usefulness of the UN machinery to advance the interests, not of the free world, but of Communism. The price which the United States has

paid to obtain this mess of pottage has been the renunciation of the decent world order which it could have built by its own power while it still had the atomic monopoly to enforce its will.

TO THE Christians of the Commission on a Just and Durable Peace, the atomic energy fiasco literally cut the heart out of their whole UN hope. The pivotal proposal of the "Six Pillars of Peace" was Pillar No. 5 which called for "procedures for controlling military establishments everywhere." Without the enforcing authority of Pillar No. 5, all the other high-minded proposals of the Commission shriveled into mere pious gestures. A UN which has no control over the overhanging lethal threat of the A-bomb and the H-bomb is a toothless and nugatory thing, capable only of words and of surrender in the face of an actual international crisis.

But the United Nations disappointed the Christians in other cherished expectations. Take Pillar No. 4 which called for "autonomy for subject peoples," supervised and assured by the international organization. In practice, the United Nations has actually served as guarantor of a postwar order in which "subject peoples" have increased rather than diminished. The pale powers of the "non-self-governing territories" division of the UN have permitted nothing more than a compilation of statistical information

about the status of subject peoples. In the case of the conquered nations behind the Iron Curtain, not even statistics have been forthcoming.

The calculated mistake which prevented the UN from having any say-so over subject peoples was the decision made at Dumbarton Oaks in 1944 that the new UN should have no jurisdiction over the World War II settlement. It was agreed that the question of division of the spoils should be left to the Big Three victors — Russia, the United States, and Great Britain. (China, although nominally one of the deciding powers, was ignored.) These great powers then proceeded to decide the disposal of the conquered or liberated peoples by a series of sordid deals. The Council of Ambassadors, and not the United Nations, became the center of world authority in the decisive months between Yalta and Potsdam.

Thanks to this exclusion of the UN from the peace settlement, the following nations have lost their freedom and passed under Communist rule since World War II, with the UN standing by, in hand-washing acquiescence:

Albania	Latvia
Bulgaria	Lithuania
Czechoslovakia	Outer Mongolia
East Germany	Poland
Estonia	Rumania
Korea (North)	Tibet
Hungary	Vietnam (North)
Kuriles Islands	

To this grim company of new

subject nations, let us add the list of prewar colonial countries which the UN, after ten years of operation, has taken no steps to liberate. If we call the roll of the non-self-governing colonies they include:

United Kingdom.....	43
France.....	17
Netherlands.....	4
Belgium.....	1
Denmark.....	1
Australia.....	1

THE cynical disregard by the UN of the seething struggle for freedom in these prewar colonial states, when it clashes with the power policies of the great nations, was shown in the disgraceful episode of Morocco. In the face of a widespread revolt by the Moroccan people against French rule in 1953, France retorted by deposing Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef and replacing him with a French puppet. When 15 small Asian and African states, members of the UN, petitioned the Security Council to give a public hearing to this French outrage, the Council declined to put the Moroccan protest on the agenda, with the United States voting against Morocco.

With similar inconsistency, the General Assembly in 1954 spurned the petition of the Greeks in Cyprus, comprising 85 per cent of the population, to discuss their demand for freedom from Great Britain and union with Greece. The demand for liberation from Great Britain has the support of the over-

whelming majority of the Cypriots, expressed repeatedly by peaceful measures. And yet, the United Nations, dedicated ostensibly to self-determination of peoples, is so wedded to great power politics, that it has steadfastly refused to give the Cypriots a hearing. In this decision, as in the Moroccan case, the United States gave Great Britain shame-faced support.

That the UN has one policy toward the great powers, and another toward weak nations, was shown, distressingly in 1951 when the accuser was Great Britain. At that time, the British had seen their oil interests in Iran confiscated by a nationalist government. When they appealed to the Security Council against Iran, the Council hastened to stage a discussion, and Prime Minister Mohammed Mossadegh was summoned to appear before the UN in New York to justify his policies. The palsy that afflicts the UN appears only when the offender is a great power.

But the most painful disillusionment, to liberal Americans, resulted from the UN's timid inaction in the field of religious and intellectual liberty. Pillar No. 6 of the Commission on a Just and Durable Peace emphasized that the establishment "in principle" of religious and intellectual liberty, and the effort to achieve it "in practice" was a primary goal of the peace. It is a goal now virtually abandoned.

Months of debate and mountains of printed matter have been wasted

by the UN in an effort to commit the UN to a Covenant of Human Rights. The Covenant got by the General Assembly, but it did not get by the United States Senate. The Eisenhower Administration, recognizing that the whole "human rights" clamor was merely a verbal exercise, withdrew American support from further covenant time-wasting.

While Mrs. Roosevelt and her fellow-enthusiasts were pursuing the Human Rights Covenant parlor game, the UN itself was complacent in the face of a horrifying situation of thought-suppression, brainwashing, and mass murder in Soviet Russia and Red China. When the UN Economic and Social Council met in 1953, it removed from its agenda any discussion of freedom of information and forced labor, for fear of irritating Russia. The whole forced labor issue has been kicked around in the UN without any serious effort to take action. Every sincere move to induce the UN to mobilize world opinion and world pressure against Russia's regime of human slavery for 15,000,000 political prisoners has been met with hushed-voice rebuke in the UN official bodies, lest Russia object.

WITH equal hypocrisy, the UN has closed its eyes to the 14,000,000 political murders in Red China which the Free Trade Union Committee of the American Federation of Labor disclosed on October

22, 1952, including an appalling number of American and European Protestant and Catholic missionaries.

Even the routine objective, spelled out in Pillar No. 5, that neutral and enemy countries should be seated in the UN, thus giving it the character of a real world parliament, has not been accomplished. To placate Russia, such major nations as Italy, West Germany, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Eire, Finland, and Japan are still excluded from the UN. Ten years after the end of the war, the United Nations is still not a genuine world body.

The bitter tragedy of the United Nations to men of good will is that it has betrayed the last bright hope for a moral world which this generation is likely to see.

Its founders envisaged a United Nations which would construct a world governed by principle. The UN has given them a world ruled by expediency, by great power politics, and by sordid, cowardly surrenders.

As the UN goes into its tenth year, the momentum of idealism and free world hope which launched it at Dumbarton Oaks has become almost a spent force. What remains is the shell of a broken promise and a shattered dream. When Red China enters the UN, with its blood-drenched hands, the hideousness of the world which the UN has reared will be visible for all to see.

It is time for the U.S. to get out of the UN and to get the UN out of the U.S.

*Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and me.*

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Commander **EVA**

By Ben Berkey

THIS is the story of a girl who, early in life, saw more than just the ordinary things around her. She saw all the wonders of the changing earth, and something of the life about her melted into her heart and became a part of her.

She came to have a “belonging feeling” for all that she saw and experienced — the birds, the trees, the animals in the woods, and especially, people.

Perhaps little Evangeline Booth loved people best of all, because they had in them something of all kinds of life.

Miss Evangeline Booth, who was destined to become Commander-in-

Chief of the Salvation Army, was born on December 25, 1865, in London, England, the fourth daughter of the family. In common with all the daughters of the Booth family, she was trained early in life to take her part in the work, and follow in the footsteps of her famous father, the founder of the world-wide Salvation Army.

When she was eleven years old, her mother urged her to “read, write, do sums, practice, talk, and learn lessons, all for this — to help the weak and poor, the ignorant and the wicked.” That people could be poor, and ignorant, and wicked was something that Evan-



geline found hard to believe, for in her eyes, the world was the most beautiful place to live in.

Then one day her father took her into the poorest section of London. Always before, it had seemed to her that a city was a dazzling place of toy shops, candy shops, colorful streets, and happy people.

Now she caught glimpses of quite another city — ugly, dingy buildings; houses huddled together; thin, undernourished children, dirty, and poorly clothed, playing games in the streets. Always after that, when Evangeline thought about her first visit to London, she seemed to hear something of “the still, sad music of humanity.”

The unpleasant memories of her visit filled her little heart with a great sadness for many days. For she saw and felt the terrible need these poor unfortunates faced, living out their lives on the dark side of the sun.

There was one thing she would dedicate her life to — one thing that she promised herself she would do when she grew older — she would live in the midst of the crowded ways, and bring to the poor, stifled little homes an ideal of healthier living. She would study medicine and go as a doctor to the forlorn, dirty, underprivileged children.

AT SEVENTEEN, Evangeline Booth began her humanitarian work in the slums of London. She prayed, sang, preached, and passed the tam-

bourine for alms, to help feed the poor of London.

It was not an easy task Evangeline Booth had chosen for herself, for there were people in London who resented the great work of the Salvation Army. Contempt and insults were her lot more than once, and on many occasions her speeches were interrupted and her uniform soiled by a barrage of thrown vegetables.

As she grew older, she saw a truer picture of London reveal itself. In the glare of the gaslight, which made weird and ghostly shadows, she saw a grotesque semblance of life: wrinkled old women; desperate looking men; pale children fighting over pitiable scraps of food discarded at the market place.

She wrote to her friends, “Lately, I have a strange feeling about the slums. I go about London timidly now, afraid to look down narrow streets and alleys lest they disclose this miserable suffering. Nothing of this great city seems real, except the misery of its people.”

Evangeline Booth’s climb in the Salvation Army was rapid. Confident that the real task of saving broken lives was in the very slums she had often visited, Miss Booth concentrated on Limehouse, Whitechapel and other poverty-stricken sections of the city.

She opened headquarters in a street where help was needed the most, and waited for the worst. It was not long in coming. Her neigh-

bors fought her bitterly, some even threatening bodily harm. But Evangeline Booth calmly continued, and before long, her charm and personality seemed to exert their influence in the neighborhood.

One afternoon while she was making a speech at a meeting in Limehouse, her enemies tried to shout her down. Soon the platform on which she was standing was deluged with the things they had thrown. But when Evangeline Booth stood her ground, undaunted, the crowd heard her out in silence. Then they cheered. The youthful speaker had displayed for the first time her grasp of oratory, ready wit, and strong determination.

SUCH were the first years of the Salvation Army. The great organization undertook to publish a magazine telling the world about its activities. It was called the *War Cry*. Soon, Evangeline Booth became the star salesman of the youthful publication. Her sales ran into the thousands.

When the government of England protested the right of the Salvation Army to hold open-air meetings, Miss Booth took the issue straight to Parliament. She insisted upon seeing the members of Commons themselves about her case. By her unfailing endeavors, she won repeal of the law which forbade the Salvation Army its privileges.

So favorable an impression did she make that she was appointed Commander of London's Salvation Army Training School. "Commander Eva" as she liked to be called, was in command of 21,000 soldiers, 600 officers and 300 cadets, significantly showing the progress the organization had made.

The reputation of Evangeline Booth was firmly established when, in 1904, she was assigned to lead the work of the Salvation Army in the United States. With new hope, and a firm belief in the principles of her Army, "Commander Eva" carried her work so far and wide that there was scarcely a place in the world that did not have a Salvation Army unit.

In 1919, Miss Evangeline Booth became an American citizen, an honor she held close to her heart, and by 1939, had become head of the world-wide organization, the first American citizen to hold the high command. She held this high office until she retired at 73.

On July 17, 1950, at the age of 84, this great humanitarian died. Commander Eva's death was mourned by thousands, rich and poor alike, who believed her when she said:

"We don't say we know much; we don't talk much — unless it's me; we don't dress much; but we do say we love much."

And with that tribute, a grateful world must agree.



THE NEW ENGLAND *Clambake*

IF THE classic New England clambake isn't sponsored and subsidized by the makers of dyspepsia panaceas, it's because they must feel it's just as profitable to let nature take its course and they cannily refrain from making financial gestures toward this great American institution.

It was undoubtedly launched by some lazy New England cook who saw in the method a way of easily dealing with a horde of relatives or guests who dropped in unexpectedly and who were about as welcome as an invasion of the Gypsy Moth. Happily, the solid citizens of certain New England states have done something about the moths and have seen to it that they are eradicated. The clambake still thrives and its victims are afraid to admit that they never tasted such horrific victuals in their lives, and bid farewell to their hosts, swearing that the food was next door to the best ambrosia ever invented.

American culinary tastes are not infrequently and falsely predicated on some curious form of patriotism. Otherwise, there is no accounting for the unrestrained enthusiasm exhibited

for such culinary ventures as the clambake, the indestructible beaten biscuit, the odorous Pennsylvania Dutch cup cheese, the mountain oyster, hoppin' John, bubble and squeak, heavenly hash, chitlin's, home-made chutney and old-fashioned fish balls.

When we discover why over half of the people who stand up and emit what they think is the rebel yell when a band plays "Dixie," and who have never lived in the South, or even visited there — then we may find out why otherwise sane citizens boast of their addiction to the New England clambake and other similar culinary disasters.

Like the fad of gentlemen wearing shorts to work, the explosion of crew haircuts among chronic sophomores instead of confining it to the lads in school, the flat-fronted female foisted on the world by a Frenchman with bad taste, the epidemic of comic books, the rash of bad radio and television shows, there will always be a small but highly vocal group of supporters for these lost causes. No other item of American food has been more highly touted by writers





IS A CULINARY *Bust*

BY
HARRY
BOTSFORD

of undisputed talent, but undoubtedly suffering from those terrible pains in the head again. That's when they write panegyric prose about the glory of the classic clambake, the sterling genius of the bake master, beyond doubt the most left-handed cook in the world. Unlike the dowser who claims to locate underground pools of water with a forked stick, he can't match the luck of the other magician. The law of averages makes it possible for the dowser to score once in a while, even to have such an otherwise astute author as Kenneth Roberts support his reputation as a 30-carat genius. The clambake master never scores. He mysteriously consults his watch, lifts the spread of canvas over the seething sand pit, sniffs of the steam, eventually triumphantly whips it off, and proclaims to all and sundry that the vittles are ready for instant consumption.

He has tossed into the fiery pit of red-hot sand or a deep bed of glowing coals a mess of seaweed, dripping wet, a layer of live lobsters, some more seaweed. This process is followed by other oddments of food: fish, cleaned and neatly wrapped,

corn on the cob, onions, potatoes, frying chickens. He tops them all with a few bushels of steamer clams. How he knows when these ingredients are cooked to a turn at the same time is beyond the conception of even an advanced student of cookery. He doesn't know, so he takes refuge in seeing that they are cooked so long that most of the ingredients are habitually over-cooked. This is what is known and highly regarded as typical New England conservatism.

WHILE the clambake attains what might be called maturity, a condition that really entitles it to receive all Social Security benefits, the guests, most of whom have a hearty premonition of what is to come, safely partake of drink in the curious belief that it will be remedial. No one is optimistic enough to consider a mixture of beer, ale, stout, assorted whiskies and insidious cocktails as being curative. They serve to sort of numb the taste buds, but they frequently lead to intemperate indulgence in what could laughingly be called food.

Did you ever savor a chicken leg,

drenched in fish and clam juices? Or, have you partaken of an onion that tasted, not like an honest onion, but like a small clod of goo, flavored with seaweed extract, compounded with a strong trace of chicken and clam juice, a little more of the seaweed juices, but clearly distinguishable from the potatoes, which are cooked to death and have an entirely different grain. The lobsters remind one faintly of the boiled lobsters one is served in certain, spurious sea food restaurants, cooked on Monday, reheated on succeeding days, served on Friday.

A quarter hour in gently boiling water makes a lobster perfect. But these have been close to heavy heat for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours and consequently have suffered a sad deterioration in every branch, to say nothing of being more than slightly contaminated by assorted juices that naturally seep down through the various strata of once-edible foods and hot seaweed. To say they are good, palatable and glorious is to mouth a very large lie. They ain't.

The clams, the *pièce de résistance*, are more than done. Clams are normally steamed from 10 to 12 minutes for top flavor. When they are prepared in this manner, for the specified time, they are enormously good and several dozen can be safely consumed by a hungry person. But

when they simmer for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours in the traditional clambake, they become tough and unspeakably dull.

To add to the confusion, the ingredients have not been salted. The participants make up for this lack by correcting the omission, and they also embellish them with copious dollops of Tabasco sauce, catsup, melted butter and chili sauce.

Anyone who calls the clambake a festive occasion toys with the truth. Admittedly, it's as traditional as mince pie, but not nearly as good. Largely, the traditional clambake is staged for the benefit and enlightenment of tourists, most of whom eat heartily and with what is known as *gusto*. In this over-stuffed

condition, having paid cash for the food, they either have to admit that the food was very good, or that it verged on the impossible.

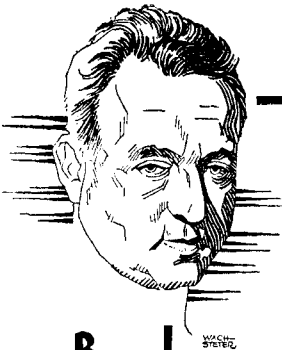
Recently, I took a guest to a clambake, a gent from Des Moines, who had expressed a burning desire to sample these wares. As we left, he said politely: "If my wife, who is a good cook, a lovely person and tolerant, ever set before me food of this nature, I'd bat her brains out!"

He burped vigorously.

I reminded him of the traditional ice-cold watermelon that ended the fiesta. He smiled broadly. "Best part of the meal!"

He had something there.





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"Hysteria" and the *Times*

THE English sociologist, having returned to New York from an extensive tour of the United States, had a complaint to make.

"Where," he wanted to know, "is the reign of terror your press promised me? It was in part my interest in studying the terror in action that prompted me to crash the dollar curtain and visit your country. I should ask for a refund."

The press to which he alluded, it turned out, was primarily the *New York Times* — not because it was the only offender but because it was the one American newspaper he had read with some regularity. A conscientious fellow, he had been reluctant to accept the sourish version of things American presented by nearly all British correspondents here, and decided to read a balanced, conservative American paper by way of corrective.

The precaution paid off. Almost alone among his academic friends, he did not swallow whole the brew of fashionably anti-American propaganda in his home press. At the same time, unfortunately, the steady diet of *New York Times* led him to give full credence to at least one important item in the Left-wing indictment of America.

The *Times*, he noted, seemed in full agreement with the most rabidly anti-American publications and politicians in Britain that the United States was in

the throes of an ugly, dangerous, all-encompassing "hysteria." Since the foremost American newspaper would hardly wish to libel its own country, he was quite sure he would confront a nation steeped — in the well-worn *Times* phrase — in a "black night of fear," where "dissent" was risked only by a small and dwindling breed of heroic "unscareable men" — another *Times* phrase — like Elmer Davis and Edward R. Murrow. He was steeled for the spectacle of a country cowering under the whip of a Wisconsin Caliban, where witch hunts and bookburnings were chronic and the Bill of Rights was a shambles.

Now he was understandably confused and a bit let down. He had just crossed and re-crossed this country, visiting cities, towns, universities, factories, trade union halls, and had been exposed for some months to our newspapers, magazines, radio, television, and sundry dinner arguments. But nowhere, alas, had he been able to discern the social disasters he had been induced to expect.

"I feel rather like the fellow who paid admission to a horror show and is given a few tame vaudeville acts," he said. "If you Americans are afraid to speak your minds, then all the debates and commentaries I've been hearing on your wireless and television must be hallucinations.

"Naturally some opinions are less popular than others and a few are

downright *unpopular* — that's true everywhere all the time. To swim against the prevailing tides of belief and prejudice always calls for a certain amount of moral daring. But to call that sort of thing hysteria, terror, black fear and the rest seems to me fantastic.

"I find here, as in my own country, that those who believe what they believe strongly enough don't hesitate to speak up, and do so even with a certain swagger. In your educational institutions, I found both teachers and students forthright in arguing any subject I raised, including Senator McCarthy. From what I'd read I rather expected that American intellectuals would be afraid to challenge this fellow, but they seemed instead under a curious compulsion to attack him in extravagant language. That's the nearest to 'conformity' that I've run across. In one college a young instructor took me aside and confided that he was really in sympathy with McCarthy but had not dared to say so in front of his colleagues."

So why, the visitor asked, had the *Times* misled him so grossly on this matter? What could be its motivation? Would not a future historian, if he relied on this paper, get a similarly distorted picture of America in the 1950's?

I could give him no adequate or sensible answers. Like a lot of others, I had to admit I was baffled by the phenomenon. I could merely attest the fact without explaining it.

The *New York Times*, still one of the world's great newspapers, has in recent years developed an obsessive conviction that America is "hysterical," scared, irrational, and busy beating its ancient freedoms into a pulp. Somehow it has made itself the foremost mouthpiece of the small but overpoweringly articulate group dedicated to that gruesome thesis — determined to convince the world that American liberties and the civic courage to defend them have all but disappeared from our midst.

The *Times*, of course, is far from alone in this obsession, which has been embraced by ritual liberals all over the country. A number of other newspapers are equally hipped on the issue. But it is part of the price of leadership that a lapse from objectivity is more conspicuous when on display in the *Times*.

The fact remains that a number of the shrillest shouters of doom in this area — men like Justice William O. Douglas, Professor Henry Steele Commager, guest shouters like Lord Bertrand Russell — have made the *Times* their chosen megaphone. Their hysteria-mongering, moreover, has spilled over into the news columns and editorial section.

Anyone who diagnoses a reign of terror, a blight of McCarthyism, an epidemic of fear — in speech or sermon or report — has rated prominent *Times* coverage. Let a speaker anywhere make a derogatory reference to McCarthy, even in a casual

phrase in a question period, and it is lifted out of context to make a headline. Any book plugging the hysteria myth automatically receives its mead of praise in the *Times* Sunday book section. As a matter of course the paper has played up every item that tends to support the hysteria assumptions — and in a country as big and various as ours there will always be isolated episodes of injustice or stupidity that can be blown up and generalized to prove a case.

By this time, indeed, one has the sense that the *Times*, having sponsored so many of its promoters, has a kind of vested interest in the prosperity of the hysteria myth.

THE reign-of-terror nonsense, it is well to recall, was first launched by the Communist and crypto-Communist press, long before the emergence of Senator McCarthy. It was a purely defensive strategy, designed to befog and discredit the postwar revelations of Red espionage and infiltrations. If the country could be made to believe that to expose Kremlin skulduggery was to endanger traditional freedoms, the Communists and their entourage would feel a lot safer.

The comrades proceeded to "sell" their neat invention through civil rights congresses, conferences in defense of the Constitution, committees for the First and Fifth Amendments, mass attacks on legislative probes of subversion. As usual, they

had no trouble gathering respectable names for their letterheads and showy signatures for their manifestos. The press reported these noble enterprises, usually without identifying the color of their backers.

And thus the hysteria over hysteria spread in ever larger circles. Its slogans were picked up by excited clergymen, southpaw columnists, ADA politicians, many of whom were, consciously or otherwise, simply eager to cover up their own current or past indiscretions. Before long what had been a *Daily Worker* hypothesis was being repeated as a fact by people wholly innocent of its origin. Belief in the existence and virulence of the imaginary terror became mandatory for all good liberals and for the softer-headed non-liberals as well.

Why the *Times* fell so hard for the hoax is a mystery. Perhaps a few individuals on its staff planted the seed which then flourished. Issue after issue of its *Sunday Magazine* began to feature articles playing variations on the theme that our freedoms were in mortal jeopardy. Justice Douglas was given space for his amazing essay on "The Black Silence of Fear" — surely, as I wrote at the time in the *AMERICAN MERCURY*, the loudest silence on record. Professor Commager repeatedly confirmed that America was mangling its heritage of liberty. The editor of the *Magazine* himself summed up the alarms of his contributors in a public statement: "There is a black

fear in the country brought about by the witch hunters!"

Bertrand Russell, having swallowed the bait, told his own country that in America today "nobody ventures to pass a political opinion without looking behind the door"; that if you dared quote Jefferson approvingly "you would probably lose your job and find yourself behind bars." He journeyed to America to repeat this egregious absurdity before huge television audiences, sweetly unconscious of the irony of it all.

Others laughed at poor Russell's expense; it happened to be a time when Jefferson books, quite approving, were more popular than ever. But the *Times* apparently was so impressed with the cogency of Lord Russell's findings that it gave him the front page of its *Magazine* to reiterate them.

MEANWHILE the book section was adding its weight to the campaign. It was in the *Times* that Gerald W. Johnson, reviewing a book called *Civil Liberties Under Attack*, hailed its authors as "six bold men" who had staged a "gathering of the unterrified" at Swarthmore. Subsequent issues were able to hail others of the unterrified who, in the face of dire but unspecified dangers, dared to attack McCarthy or defend the moribund Bill of Rights. Heroism, it seemed, was becoming epidemic in the never-never land of the excited hysteria-mongers.

This grotesquerie reached a cli-

max in a review by a *Times* staff writer, R. L. Duffus, captioned "An Unscareable Man." The valiant one was Elmer Davis, whose act of supreme courage was to publish some speeches belaboring McCarthy and fondly attesting the reign of terror.

No corner of the newspaper quite escaped the contagion. The music critic, Olin Downes, found occasions to convey his awareness of the dread hysteria. The drama critic, Brooks Atkinson, blamed a sterile theatrical season upon McCarthyism — fear, he reported, was paralyzing our playwrights. He even mobilized James Thurber to affirm solemnly that Atkinson was right. Neither of them bothered to explain subsequently, when a spate of fine plays came to Broadway, how the paralysis had been cured.

The editorial page necessarily reflected the rest of the paper. Last November, for instance, the *Times* warned again that "in the present danger and the present national state of mind, a new sort of lynching might grow up, legalized lynching that deprives a person not of life but of liberty." It omitted any really convincing samples of legalized lynching to support so extreme and frightening a forecast.

An episode well worth recalling is the shabby gang-up on Dr. J. B. Matthews. A careful student of the Red infiltration of American life, Dr. Matthews wrote an article in the *AMERICAN MERCURY* on the notorious fact — often published

and never before disputed — that through the years thousands of clergymen had let themselves be drawn into Kremlesque outfits and activities.

It was not a generalization but a detailed account. Actually Dr. Matthews had written on this subject before. But at this time he had joined the staff of the McCarthy Committee — someone therefore saw the chance to hit the Senator through Matthews. All hell broke loose. The extraordinary part of the story is that the more reckless the attackers, the more circumspect they were to avoid revealing what the sinful article had said. They contented themselves with citing the opening sentence, without a word about the documented justification that followed.

Now, one expected that kind of "reporting" from the *Daily Worker* or the *New York Post*, but not from a newspaper which takes immense pride in unbiased presentation of the pertinent facts. Yet the *Times*, too, limited itself to little more than one sentence from the disputed article to which it was devoting so much space. To this day its readers (unless they got it elsewhere) have no clear idea as to what the dastardly Dr. Matthews had actually written!

One more symptomatic episode must suffice. Suppose that J. Edgar Hoover had chosen to attack McCarthy. Is there any doubt that it would have made juicy front-page copy? But Mr. Hoover chose, in-

stead, to *defend* McCarthy, in a statement made in Denver. He got only a stick or two far inside the paper.

The first thin rift in the united front on the reign of terror appeared in a *Times* article by Paul G. Hoffman in November — about the same time, that is, as the editorial alert about “legalized lynching.” The situation, Mr. Hoffman declared, was improving: “A period of near-panic of a kind it never knew before has begun to abate in the past six months. . . . Confidence is returning. Academic people are coming out of their foxholes,” etc.

Even that partial retreat, however, was essentially a piece of mischief. For it took for granted, as if it were part of the multiplication table, the reality of the state of panic which was now “abating.” In effect he was announcing that Uncle Sam has begun to stop beating his wife.

No, I had no cogent explanation for the English sociologist. I could only caution him that hereafter, in reading the American press, he must make a liberal discount of reports that our liberties were dying or dead. Thus far, I pointed out, the most convincing symptoms of hysteria have been displayed by those who raise the outcry on the matter. The alarming din, so loud that it carries across the Atlantic, is being made by the illogical gentry who yell that they and their country

have been reduced to abject silence.

Against the background of their sudden realization of the Red conspiracy, considering the staggering tax and other burdens imposed on them by the Cold War, the American people have been remarkably restrained and even-tempered. The courts have been fair and just — even some of the “hysteria boys” have had to concede that much. The Fifth Amendment has been stretched to the limit to provide immunity to Communists and their associates. There have been no outbreaks of violence or vigilantism. Candidates for high office — Adlai Stevenson, for instance — have had no hesitancy about adopting the reign-of-terror line and ridiculing those who take the struggle against subversion seriously. Even when our sons were dying in the hills of Korea, no one interfered unduly with Americans who openly sided with the Red enemies — not even with those who helped disseminate the “germ warfare” lies.

Everything considered, a better case could be made out for general complacency than for “panic” and “hysteria.” Why a portion of the press, the *Times* included, should adhere so stubbornly to the demonstrably false thesis that our freedoms are going down the drain, that only a few “unterrified” noblemen still dare to express themselves, remains a mystery. Perhaps the sociologist from London will help solve it.

How I pitied the women of Guatemala on that first visit to the Central American republic. Theirs, I felt sure, was a hard lot. No electrical equipment to speak of, sometimes washing at primitive tubs in the town square or cooking over an open fire. Of course, life did seem more leisurely. They never hustled — always walked sedately — always had time for the *siesta*. I was pondering this anomaly when, in my usual headlong fashion, I burst into Señora's dining room one sparkling August day.

"Why you ron?" said Señora, her brown eyes twinkling her amusement. "You go upstairs, you ron. You come down, even more faster. You go outside like a million devils chase you. For what you hurry? Is the same tomorrow.

"Now you are in Guatemala. In Nort' America everybody go whoosh." She emphasized the word with a quick sweep of her hand. "Three years ago I am in America. No for the first time. I go up there nine or ten times. But last time I stay three months. I lif in all kinds of houses.

THROUGH THE GUATEMALAN LOOKING GLASS

By
Marjorie Parker

"But all those people have the same problem. Money! They are always, what you say, broke. Some is making \$300 a month, not enough, \$2,000 a month still not enough. They talk all the same tr-r-ouble. All time ron to make more. They all ron, ron, ron. For three months, I am breathless just like you." She favored me with a glance. "Why they ron?" she asked, looking around

at the five North Americans at her table.

Our silence encouraged her into further consideration of the Northern peculiarities. "Maybe is competition. All peoples rons to make more, to get ahead of other fellow. Ron for boos, for street car, for train. All peoples is hongry. But not like Europa. In America is plenty of food, but no time to eat it. In Guatemala shops close up tight for two hours at midday. In America mens have lonch in ten minutes. No siesta. Never stops. At night they are, what you call it, exhaust. Do they stay home? Put up the feet?" Señora shook her head, her lips curling in disgust as she said, "Ron out to movie."

"You have many queer customs in Nort' America." She looked around at us for confirmation. We were in no position to see ourselves as queer, and receiving no response, Señora proceeded to prove her assertion.

"Now I am there in the summer. That heat, it is killing. I am never cool. Not when I sit inside even." We Northerners smiled understandingly. We all had good reason to marvel at Guatemala's wonderful mountain climate.

"Up there I stay in the house all day. But on Sunday it is church and I muss pray. How to go and keep cool? I think of my white dress. That is what I will wear, my white dress and hat and shoes. In the church I see many others in

white, and I feel, how you say it, very chic.

"All that week, it is what you call seezling. We must sleep on the floor. So when Sunday comes, I think, it is good to wear my white dress again. But, when I enter that church, I am surprise. All those ladies are in black. Black hats, black dresses! I say to myself, of course, a national hero has died. They are in mourning. I am a disgrace to myself in my white dress. I try to hide in the back row.

"On the steps, I am bold. I say to a nice old lady who is near me: A great man has died? She looks surprise, so I say: All the ladies are in mourning, yes? And then she starts to laugh. Not mourning, she tell me, it's after Labor Day. And that's how I learn that you never wear white after Labor Day, even if you cook.

"That save the daytime is another thing, so foolish. Iss so stupid, I think. I cannot know where I am at. I rush for three o'clock train, and it goes at four. I think my watch is wrong and I reverse it one hour. The next time I have appointment, I am one hour late. It isn't my watch, it is this saving the light. I could never learn. Always is confusion."

Laughter swept the room as Señora rose to leave — laughter was hearty but a trifle sheepish. Perhaps all the world's queer customs were not in Guatemala as we had somewhat smugly assumed.

By David C. Hart

**THAT
AWFUL
MOUNTAIN:**
the
MATTERHORN

THERE is probably no other peak in the world that has fascinated the mountain lover more than the Matterhorn. Jutting up along the Italian-Swiss border, isolated from the world by a narrow-gauge railway, the Matterhorn stands alone, beckoning the mountaineer to try his skill.

In the late summer of 1954, a group of us from the University of Iowa Mountaineering Club got off the train at Zermatt, Switzerland, all with the idea of making a stab at "that awful mountain," as it is commonly referred to by the local townspeople. The peak itself cannot be seen from the station, but as we walked up the street toward the center of town, it poked its head majestically into clear view.

Since we had arranged to meet

our guides in town, we wasted no time in leaving and heading for the lower ramparts of the peak. It is approximately a five-hour hike from the town of Zermatt to the Hornli Hut, situated at the base of the "pyramid," which is the jumping-off place for the real climb.

Immediately we began climbing the long, winding trail of the lower slopes, through flowering meadows. The town faded away behind us. Gradually the Alpine meadows turned into rocky grasslands, and finally into talus, a type of terrain covered by loose rock. Although the sun was sinking behind the peak, there was still plenty of time to climb the snow-covered stretch leading up to the hut.

The Hornli Hut is typical of the huts that are placed around Switzer-

land by the Swiss Alpine Club to accommodate the climber. Some of them are very simple, with good meals and adequate bunking facilities. Some of them are relatively luxurious, with finely furnished dining rooms and private bedrooms.

We were not the only ones there with the Matterhorn fever. There were three American GI's from Germany, a Swiss priest from Zurich, and a party of four Austrians, all with the same idea.

IT WAS along about this time that we began to think about the coming day. The "pyramid" loomed immediately above us for more than 4,000 feet. On the right, just below us, was the Matterhorn Glacier, flanked on one side by the infamous "Nordwand" of the Matterhorn, the conquest of which is one of the greatest feats of mountaineering history. On the left is the Furggen Glacier, carefully guarding the treacherous east wall. Not a few careless climbers have been lost in the crevasses of these glaciers, their bodies grinding at this moment through the icy depths, to be coughed up at some future date into the ice falls below.

The route to the summit, the only obvious one from our side and the one most commonly used, straddles these two walls. It is a rock ridge, which is considered not too difficult under normal conditions. However, an unusually heavy spring snow last year left the ridge icy.

It was over this same ridge, nearly 90 years ago, that Edward Whymper led his party to the summit. Seven of them reached the top, but only three came back to tell about it. In the graveyard at Zermatt there are many others who also never had a chance to tell their tale. Less than a month previous to our ascent, a party of four Italians were lost on the peak in a blinding blizzard.

Towards the south we noticed some dark clouds moving in on the peak. That meant warm winds from the Mediterranean — and probably stormy weather. We went to bed early that night, not knowing whether or not we would be able to climb in the morning. Very few of us slept well.

An early start is a must for tackling the Matterhorn. Up by four, we had a small breakfast and were soon out in the yard "roping up." Due to icy conditions, the guides would take only one climber on a rope; taking two would require too much time, and time was one factor we were racing against.

The peak loomed ominously above us. I imagine that at this point a few of us were hoping the guides would announce that climbing conditions were too bad to make the ascent, allowing us to return to our warm beds. The weather was completely overcast, with visibility maybe half a mile in either direction. The guides told us that if we hurried we could get to the summit before the approaching storm set in.

They also told us that this storm would probably mean the end of the climbing season.

BY FIVE O'CLOCK we had left the hut. The sky was still quite gray, with just enough light to make our way in. For the first hour the climb was quite straightforward; steps had been cut in the ice by parties the previous day, making the route easier. The rocks were ice cold; the snow was hard; and the air heavy with fog. As we climbed up, we tried to avoid looking at the near-perpendicular walls dropping down to the glaciers on both sides of us.

Of the nine roped parties in our group, I was in the second, with a young guide first on the rope who knew the peak like his own pocket. The training of the Zermatt guides is intensive. As soon as a boy reaches his early teens, he is exposed to all the hardships of mountaineering, and by the time he is eighteen, he is usually a full-fledged guide. There are some guides in Zermatt who have been on the Matterhorn over 200 times.

Gradually our first two parties got ahead of the others. After the first hour, the climbing became steeper and icier. The guide went on ahead up the rocks to give a belay, which means that as I climbed, he held the rope so that if I had slipped, I would not have fallen more than a couple of feet. A rope is never used to pull a climber up a peak, but only as a

safety precaution against falling. It is the lifeline of the party.

I was beginning to wonder why, with all the ice and snow, the guide did not use his ice axe and crampons, those irons that are clamped onto the bottoms of one's boots to insure better footing on the ice. An American would have used them long since, but the Swiss have the sure-footedness of mountain goats.

The ridge was steep; it sloped in toward the mountain like a giant staircase. If there had been no ice, the climb would have been quite easy and enjoyable, but even the slimmest film of ice can transform an easy climb into a very treacherous one. Handholds and footholds were abundant, but many of the rocks were loose and we had to choose each step carefully.

After another hour and a half of climbing, we came out onto a ledge a little more than half way up the peak. This was a natural stopping place and we took advantage of it. At this altitude the climbing affects people in different ways. Some get dizzy; others become nauseated. It is at this point that many guides advise their climbers not to continue.

There was even a small hut there, the Solvay Hut, provided for the mountaineer in case of emergency. The hut was about ten feet wide on an eleven foot ledge. It contained emergency clothing and food.

By this time the seven climbing teams behind us were no longer in sight. Instead of the weather im-

proving, as we had hoped for, it remained about the same. The time was now seven thirty, and if the weather does not clear by that hour, it usually doesn't clear all day.

THIS LAST stretch of the peak was the worst part; the steepest, iciest, and most exposed. The giant staircase up which we had been scrambling shot up at an even more terrifying angle. Looking down the walls on either side of us, we saw a vast emptiness waiting for a careless climber to make a false step and go plummeting down to the glaciers below. Even the guides seemed to have a tighter hold on the ropes, as if expecting one of us climbers to slip.

We soon reached the shoulder of the Matterhorn. At this place there are fixed ropes, a dozen of them, each about fifty feet long. The peak here becomes unbelievably steep, and in a couple of places vertical. The ropes are not placed there merely to make it easier, but to make it possible. Even with no ice on the rock, footholds would be few and far between.

Near the bottom of the lowest rope we noticed a two-foot crucifix placed under one of the rocks. This marks the place where the Whymper expedition met its fate nearly 90 years ago.

These ropes were the most exhausting part of the climb. Even one rope length was exhausting. The strain of hand over hand climbing,

with our feet dangling over space, really made us wonder whether the Matterhorn was worth climbing after all. An occasional rest on an outcrop of rock was the only chance we had to rub our aching muscles.

At the end of the ropes we came out onto the "roof" of the peak, a steep snow field that leads to the summit in one direction — and 4,000 feet down to the Matterhorn Glacier in the other. The worst of the climb was over, and we fought through these last few hundred feet to the top by kicking steps in the snow until the summit was reached. By nine o'clock we had conquered the 14,782-foot peak.

The Matterhorn summit is different from most in that it is about two feet wide and several hundred feet long. There are actually two distinct summits: the Italian and the Swiss. The latter is higher by a few feet.

The fog that had enveloped us all the way to the summit was now cleared to the south; hence we could see deep into Italy. Looking westward across the French border, we expected Mount Blanc to show its face at any moment, some forty miles away, but it never did. We could get occasional glimpses down the Italian Ridge, probably the second-most-climbed route on the Matterhorn. Looking back over the route we had taken, we could see only more of the fog.

The feeling one has after climbing the Matterhorn is unique in moun-

taineering. Every variety of climbing skill is needed to conquer the peak. And the historical legends of the mountain add a flavor that few other peaks can claim. There is a feeling of personal triumph. It made me think of the words of Sir George Mallory: "Have we vanquished an enemy? None but ourselves."

HALF AN HOUR on the summit was about all we needed, with a snack of chocolate, cheese, and cold tea. An appetite at a high altitude is a rare thing, especially after climbing the Matterhorn. Then there was the usual picture taking.

Our route down was the same as the route up, though many climbers tackle the Matterhorn by ascending the Italian Ridge and descending the Swiss Ridge.

A hundred feet down from the summit we encountered a party of Austrians who were still making their way to the top. We inched down the "roof," down the ropes, and to the Solvay Hut for a brief pause.

By this time we guessed that the rest of our party had decided to turn back rather than risk continuing on to the top. This proved a wise decision, for it was now beginning to snow.

For some reason, the trip down

seemed about twice as long as the trip up. We thought the bottom would never come. The driving snow made our hands numb and our feet cold. But for all our desire to reach the bottom as quickly as possible, every step had to be taken with care.

We finally reached the bottom at one in the afternoon. By this time about four inches of snow had fallen, enough to make things miserable but not too dangerous. The guides have known three feet of snow to fall on the peak inside of one hour.

At the Hornli Hut we stopped for a welcome pot of tea. It is not uncommon to drink half a dozen cups of tea at such a time, due to the dehydration of the body after the long climb.

After tea we gathered our gear and headed down the long, winding trail to Zermatt, to a warm meal, dry clothing, and our friends. We found out then that they had turned back at the Solvay Hut on the advice of their guides.

We who had made the climb had wished more than once — while making it — that *our* guides had turned us back. But there is a charm about "that awful mountain." And the exhilarating knowledge that we had conquered it more than made up for all the dangers faced and the hardships endured.



C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON



IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION

BY RUSSELL MAGUIRE

FRIGHTENED Bob Hutchins, president of the Fund for the Republic, has emerged from his beleaguered dugout long enough to announce that he will draw upon his \$15,000,000 of Ford Motor money to make a survey of fear among teachers. Director of the project will be Paul Lazarsfeld, refugee socialistic anti-anti-Communist from Austria.

The Ford-Hutchins-Lazarsfeld fear-probing project is a work of supererogation, wholly unnecessary. Almost six years ago, Hutchins knew all the answers; Lazarsfeld's assignment is calculated only to dress Hutchins' hysteria up in the garments of social-science respectability. In 1949, Hutchins told his University of Chicago convocation that "a professor cannot take a position on any public question without looking into the background of everybody who may be taking the same position on the same question . . . he may be haled before some committee to explain himself."

While Hutchins appears to be thoroughly informed on the emotional states and attitudes of the professors, he has readily admitted total ignorance of the subject of Communism. While he was testifying under oath before the Illinois legislature, Hutchins was asked: "Is there any doubt that the Communist Party is a conspiratorial fifth

column operating in the interest of a foreign state?" His reply was forthright and sweeping. He said: "I am not instructed on this subject." Again, Hutchins was asked: "Are you aware that the Communist-front organization is a part of the Communist movement, just as much as the Party itself?" Hutchins' answer was a terse "No." Asked if his administration at the University of Chicago had any policy calculated to discourage Communist-front activity by the faculty, Hutchins promptly and proudly said "No."

Hardly a day passes that some educator does not take to radio or television to shout in hysterical tones that he has been intimidated into silence by the fear of Congressional committees.

A Blame-it-on-McCarthy Cult has arisen in and out of the academic profession. It is a grim, humorless, fanatically determined cult. The dean of the New York University School of Education, Dr. Ernest O. Melby, is even discouraged about teaching people to read. "What use," Melby shrieked to a gathering of 500 educators, ". . . if what they read will be determined by a politburo . . . if they become slaves to a McCarthy?"

A gentle reminder would be appropriate for more than one of our distinguished educators: "Keep your shirt on, professor!"

STELLA'S SOME LADY



FOR nearly eighteen years, throughout all the weeks of those years, an energetically soft-spoken woman named Anne Elstner has steeled her vocal chords and plunged into seas of emotional unrest that would swamp any but the most intrepid. As the heroine in the radio serial, "Stella Dallas," one of the three or four most durable programs in history, Anne Elstner has seen her "family" torn by raging disputes, her "life" shattered by mysterious strangers and unfaithful friends, and the five-days-a-week future obscured by everything from dread maladies to political unrest.

These shattering experiences, however, leave the youthfully slim Miss Elstner in no way impaired for a series of other roles, equally demanding, equally as energetic. From radio's top rank of performers, each day, she steps easily and quickly into these parts: (1) she is one of the entertainment world's most active and dedicated anti-Communists and, as important perhaps, pro-Americans; and (2) with her husband, John Matthews, Jr., an ex-FBI agent, Pacific veteran, and an outstanding wingshot, Anne is one of the proprietors and the active hostess of one of the New York area's finest restaurants — River's Edge, in Lambertville, N. J., on the Delaware.

Actually, the phrase "with her husband," sums up Anne's big role: being Mrs. Matthews. From a promising career on the New York stage, Anne followed him to his family's Maryland tobacco plantation. When prices hit a between-wars slump, the couple came back to New York. An agent called Anne to try out for a radio part and she was off. Her first big radio success came as Cracker Gaddis, the lead in "Moonshine and Honeysuckle," a once-a-weeker upon which some cynics are prone to heap the blame for many a subsequent "soap opera."

In piling up a fantastic record, to date, of nearly 8,000 broadcast performances, Anne appeared on such diverse programs as "The March of Time," "Heartthrobs of the

By Karl Kensman

Hills," and "Heinz Magazine of the Air."

Meantime, the Matthews had moved into a superb quarry-stone home on a small lake at Stockton, N. J. It is just three miles from there, in Lambertville, that the Matthews and a partner run their River's Edge restaurant. For Jack Matthews, along with participating in and often winning pigeon shoots in the area, the restaurant is pretty much a full-time chore. For Anne, it is a chore that begins when she awakens before six each morning and begins to scatter notes around the house reminding her of things to do, deadline-pushing ads to write, menus to plan, and supplies to order. Sometimes her commissary duties involve her in odd tableaux such as showing up at NBC's swank Rockefeller Center studios with a 25-pound cheese or receiving delivery there on immense cartons of sugar, 30 or 40 dozen French rolls, or other oddments. After an hour-and-three-quarter drive to, rehearsal and performance at, and an hour-and-three-quarter drive back from the studio each day, Anne is the gracious evening hostess at River's Edge.

SOMEWHERE in between her various dashes against the clock, Anne Elstner Matthews manages to get herself involved in a situation that would make the daily perils of Stella Dallas look like afternoon tea conversation pieces — Communism and Communists in radio and TV.

When the Louisiana-born Anne began creating Stella Dallas, the Russian-born Communist Party already had created its networks within the amusement field. Party members had been identified at important posts during the Second World War — some in control of important overseas broadcasting facilities — and, in 1950, when the clinically dispassionate and objective study, *Red Channels*, appeared, it was able to name more than 150 key radio personalities who had been publicly listed as engaging in pro-Communist activities.

In all the entertainment industry, many performers and executives refused to oppose the Communists. Hollywood Communists, paced by the "Ten" who defied a Congressional probe, had set the line: To oppose Communists in the arts was to oppose "liberals" in the arts and, eventually, to oppose art itself.

Anne remembers what this meant. At one meeting of a union of radio performers, one of the top network performers — and one of the most highly paid — stated from the floor of the meeting that "organized money is our enemy." Anne was on hand to protest the point.

At another meeting, a radio performer well up in the six-figure pay bracket offered to give \$10,000 to defeat the anti-Communists in radio as represented by Anne Matthews and others.

Today, on the surface, the situation might seem to be changed.

Anne Matthews sees it from another side — the inside. Although the big radio union, AFTRA, has maintained a firm anti-Communism through the years, other unions for performers have discouraged members from joining such anti-Communist groups in the entertainment world as the organization Aware — a group in whose formation Anne Matthews was active. Although not limited to theatrical interests or personalities, Aware is especially conscious of and interested in the efforts of the Party to intrude its members and its line into popular entertainment.

TODAY, Anne Matthews points out, there still is day-by-day machinery that seems to assure many old-line pro-Communists of continued lucrative work. With the exception of the two or three most blatant cases spotlighted by *Red Channels*, the people listed therein are still quite active. Many agencies have tried to screen persons hired for radio and TV but, as pressure — consumer protests, etc. — for such screening diminishes, so does the screening. To Anne Matthews this is a clear-cut indication of the responsibility listeners have and the role they can play in this real-life, vital drama.

Anne Matthews' own philosophy is that "I don't see any reason for anyone to hire persons who continue to favor or further Communism — or any reason for anyone to listen to

or look at them if they are hired." Pro-Communists in entertainment, she says, are "charming, and disarming — but alarming."

Her viewpoint about Communism is straightforward and in the radio world, not altogether commonplace: "No matter the method, if you don't fight it, you help it." As an active example of this belief at work, there was a time when AFTRA entertained a resolution that would, in effect, have barred all efforts to expel Communist Party members from the union. The voice of Stella Dallas was heard loud and clear on that one. The measure was overwhelmingly defeated.

Now, on a straight labor relations issue, she has tackled one just as controversial. Because of the irregular hours of radio and TV people and the difficulty of getting to or remaining throughout all union meetings, she and others feel that all strike votes should be by ballot rather than by simple "ayes or nays" at a meeting. As an AFTRA member who once, because she felt the then war emergency made it inadvisable, was the only dissenting vote to a strike call, Anne Matthews is vividly aware of the importance of this move.

Too, she wants her union, and others in the widely-vocal entertainment field, to stick more closely to working problems and to steer away from political issues. Even now, she feels, the temptation to tuck personal political angles into broadcast

scripts is bad enough, much less having an entire body of entertainment personalities committed to a political stand.

NEEDLESS to say, Anne's forthright stand on all these things has marked her among many of her colleagues as being "over-zealous," the norm having been and still being in different directions. Many others, she says, who have been as forthright in their anti-Communism have been stopped cold from many radio and TV opportunities. Her own position of strength, as the foundation voice

of one of radio's most successful programs, has been a bastion — although where she used to be on as many as five and six shows a day, she is on only an occasional broadcast other than "Stella Dallas."

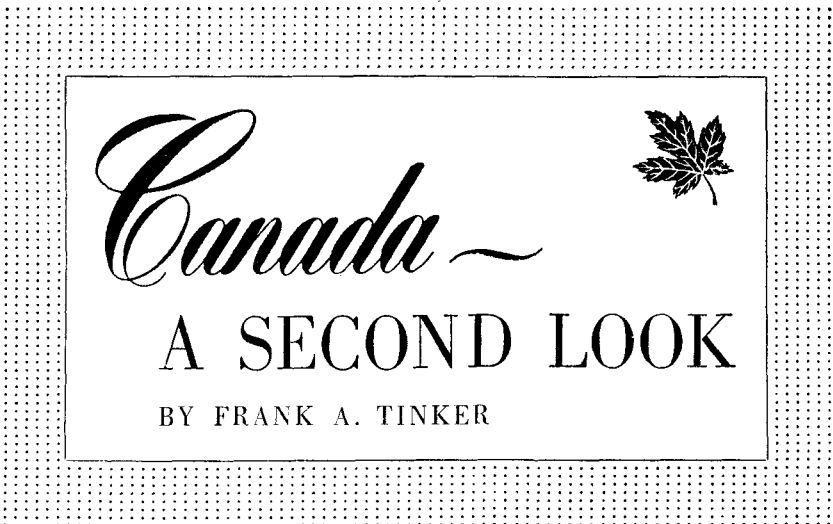
But wherever she is or whatever she is doing, whether facing the towering storms of serial life, or standing up to face other storms in union or political meetings, or standing, smiling, at the door of her warm and welcoming restaurant, River's Edge, Anne Elstner Matthews, just like Stella Dallas, is really quite a lady — quite an American lady.



DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY

By HAROLD HELFER

- ✓ The Air Force Base at Manchester, New Hampshire, added to the 500-or-so reports it handles every month one entitled: REPORT ON THE NUMBER OF MAN-HOURS EXPENDED ON A REPORT ON THE NECESSITY AND VALUE OF REPORTS MADE TO THE AIR FORCE.
- ✓ A member of California's Liquor Control Board was listed as a \$50 contributor to the political campaign of Edwin M. Cooper, who ran for Attorney General on the Prohibition ticket.
- ✓ In Tulsa, the parents of Douglas Dwight Thompson asked and received permission of the court to change the middle name of their son. They explained that they'd named him after the President but had since become disenchanted with the man in the White House.
- ✓ In a vote in Carlock, Illinois, to decide whether to hire a woman school bus driver or not, the four male members of the school board voted "yes," the lone female member, "no."
- ✓ When New Britain, Connecticut, wanted to try out a new incinerator but found itself without enough garbage, the city of Hartford graciously lent it 70 tons of its garbage.
- ✓ In Hollywood, Glenn Austin offered his cat for sale for \$195,000. An ad in a Hollywood publication began: "Cat, \$195,000. High priced cat? Maybe —" Mr. Austin then proceeded to include in the deal his Bel Air home, with pool and tennis courts.
- ✓ A sign in the Chester, Kentucky, school where Senator Alben Barkley once worked as a janitor reads: "ALBEN BARKLEY SWEEPED HERE."
- ✓ The town council of Wethersfield, Connecticut, was considering repealing an ordinance requiring bicyclists to go no faster than six miles an hour, sound a bell once a minute and carry a lighted lantern in the dark.



Canada ~

A SECOND LOOK

BY FRANK A. TINKER

"CULTURALLY and politically speaking," the daily Canadian editorials preach, "we do not need America. There is little the United States has in these fields that we want — or will permit — to become part of our national life. One of the major concerns of the world today, and ourselves particularly, is to avoid Americanization."

"The Yanks are leading the whole world to war," the plump lady assured me when I gave her a lift into Toronto. "Look what they've done in Korca. Now they re-arm Europe and the Arabs. You come down to the meeting tonight — you'll see!"

In the drugstore, the clerk waved aside the greenbacks offered him for the purchase. "Rather not take that stuff now," he said with an unmistakable air of hauteur. "Too much

trouble trying to cash it. Might give you a ten per cent discount on it, though."

This is not some distant Red-duped country speaking through the quotes above. They are, in fact, what the resident American will encounter with discouraging frequency in his Good Neighbor, Sister Democracy, Hands-Across-the-Border-Friend-to-the-North.

Despite what they have been told so many times, Americans abroad are not more sensitive than other nationalities to antagonism toward their country. Rather, it is that in the United States one seldom thinks about Canada, except as a perennial friend with interests so obviously mutual as to preclude any serious antipathy between the two countries. Generally, Americans are not

nearly so ignorant of Canada as Canadians like to say, but to one part of the northern scene we are indeed closing our eyes. The traditional good will between us has become so much a part of the Stateside line of thought that any warning of a contrary situation has been ignored as being a minor misunderstanding or deliberate agitation.

If such an attitude persists, an awakening much ruder by its tardiness will some day surely come, and in the meantime we may make decisions that will appear grossly naïve in the light of history. What appears eminently sensible is that we take full cognizance of the growing forces which are widening the gap between the two countries and plan our own actions accordingly. Some of these forces are legitimate and we may make allowances for them. Others are deliberate, and we should realize that, too.

MORE than is generally recognized, Canada maintained a hard basic core of identity with her English and European — particularly French — backgrounds during her quiet prewar days. Nevertheless, the geographical facts were proving stronger than historic prejudice shortly before the Stalin-Hitler pact precipitated the 1939 holocaust. At that time a survey showed that one of every three Canadians looked favorably upon a union with the United States. That survey claimed to include even the ultra-conserva-

tive French-speaking province of Quebec, which often appears to be only in the first stages of considering a union with the rest of Canada.

By 1953, that ratio of pro-Americanism had dropped below one in ten and even those favoring a union now do so only with important qualifications, usually that such merger be no more than an economic affair. Aside from other considerations, this is pointedly significant of the change in climate and character of Canada's population during the last decade.

Since the war, Canada has admitted a million immigrants from other parts of the world. It is no longer British except in a carefully coddled public sympathy. One in ten adult Canadian residents has lived there less than ten years. In order to equal that ratio, the United States would have had to admit over ten million immigrants in a similar period.

However, the story goes further than that, since the new arrivals have shown a disturbing tendency to huddle in the already well-populated areas rather than disperse. Every second immigrant admitted to Canada went to the province of Ontario, most of them to the relatively crowded Toronto-Windsor area. The ratio of immigrants to native residents there would be more than one in six, if all the newcomers had stayed.

Unfortunately, not all of them stayed, however, which has been one point of irritation to both coun-

tries. When it turned out that a great many of the new arrivals had come to Canada only because it afforded a better chance to get into the United States, Canadians felt rightly cheated and chagrined at having encouraged or paid the way for such immigration.

The United States Immigration Service, already faced with an overwhelming problem of illegal entry on the southern border, was distressed to see the rate of such entries from Canada jump alarmingly and in direct ratio to the increase of immigration there. It is impossible to know exactly how many of the new Canadians have re-emigrated without benefit of visa to the United States, but the number is much higher than either country likes to admit.

Those who leave, however, contribute only by their going to Canadian resentment. Those who stay play a more active role. Unfortunately again, Canada has not adopted a working program for the assimilation of the newcomers. The generous immigration policies are, after all, government matters and reflect for the most part the desires of minorities and large business interests rather than the traditionally conservative Canadian citizen. The long-time resident who remembers the days when the country was a quiet and modestly-living dominion sometimes resents the new crowd of foreigners, who appear to him to be reaping the benefits of the present boom.

As a result of the neglect accorded him, the immigrant to Canada has too frequently fallen into the hands of the radical groups whose policies usually contain a generous ladling of anti-U.S. sentiment. The government is recognizing the problem more and more as it grows, but in the interim between recognition and diagnosis most of the subversive groups have built up an inordinate percentage of immigrant membership. The Communist United Jewish People's Order of Toronto, for instance, tries to attract new arrivals to its rabid "sneer at America" programs.

THE Labor Progressive Party, which inherited its membership from the outlawed Communist Party of Canada, slants much of its "trade-union" propaganda to the new Canadian through its mouthpiece, the *Canadian Tribune*. Recently, inroads are being attempted into the Chinese communities of Canada via the "information center" which extolls the virtue of Red China, and English classes taught by labor organizers of the same Communist groups.

The wonder is, considering these efforts and the absence of any concerted government antidotal measures, that more of an anti-Yankee feeling has not found root among this group. Since so many of them have intentions or ideas about entering the United States in the future, the actual public voices among the immigrants are few; their private

sympathies and instilled hostility to things American nevertheless provides a festering point in the body politic.

Another result of this large immigrant population is that, partly because so many of these persons — and native Canadians — have run afoul of the security restrictions of the United States immigration laws in trying to cross the border, the charge of witch-hunting hysteria is more frequently heard in Canada than in some more distant countries. Errors or discourtesies committed by our immigration officials are given front-page treatment, together with warnings that the insidious influence of this developing police state to the south should never be allowed to seep into the life-blood of Canadian democracy.

Actually, Canadian immigration officers try to screen out precisely the same political subversives as the United States when granting entry to Canada, and the various police forces of that country maintain files on active agitators in much the same manner as our FBI. Further, their police have taken liberties with the traditional democratic right of habeas corpus that would cause a national scandal in America. Canadians have a difficult time forgetting their wartime experiences with the spy ring uncovered gratuitously by Igor Gouzenko, the Russian code clerk, which accounts in part both for the vigilance of the police and the somewhat self-conscious ridicule

of the apparently excessive precautions against entry of Communists into the United States.

POSSIBLY the most legitimate and certainly the most repeated complaints against the United States have been those concerned with our policies on the St. Lawrence Seaway and trade. The construction of the series of canals, waterways, and power projects which would open the Great Lakes to ocean-going vessels and relieve the over-taxed power supplies along the Canadian side of the river had been stalled by American interests since its first proposal over 25 years ago.

Admittedly, United States railway and union leaders worked actively to defeat its approval in their own interests. So effective were their combined efforts that Canada, under the urging of the editorialists and business leaders, finally decided to go ahead with the project alone, claiming to despair of any effective "Yank" help. Even now that the Seaway has begun, there is much public regret that it could not have been an all-Canadian venture.

During the last outbreak of hoof-and-mouth disease, the Canadian meat industry was hard hit by our policy of closing the border to imports. Charges were freely made that the ban was unnecessary in the first place, since Canadian cattle were not seriously infected, and that the contagion was used as an opportunity for United States cattlemen

to hike the already high price of meat by prolonging the embargo unnecessarily.

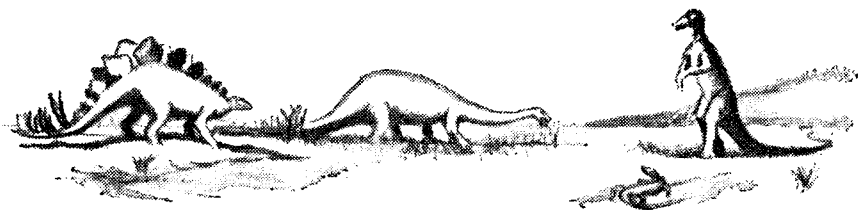
In the matter of tariffs, Canadians complain bitterly that we stifle the growth of her industries and force her to seek other markets for her raw materials by our high import duties on her products and goods. Indeed, government spokesmen warn us pointedly that by withholding such raw materials Canada could stifle our own manufacturing plants in short order. Again, such complaints are given prominence and wide circulation in the press and tempers flare in Canadian homes where a tariff is not known from a troglodyte.

Yet together with the loud protests against high American import duties, this same family, seemingly blind to the similarity of the situation at home, may hear the grumblings of Canadians paying excessive rates for American-made goods. Because of the exorbitant taxes on manufactured items in Canada, automobiles bought in the United States and taken permanently to Canada have a 60% duty levied against them. Until recently, a wholesale TV traffic flowed across border points such as Buffalo and Windsor, as streams of Canadians crossed over to purchase the American sets at half the price of their tax-loaded domestic makes. To stop this, it was made illegal to bring a Yankee TV set into Canada.

CANADA, in the years since World War II, has expanded her national product and scope tremendously, but not nearly so much as her national outlook. She has added a million immigrants, bringing her total population to 15 million, but is already talking of a future 40 or 50 million. With American experience and financing to help, she has completed a pipeline and a power project, so she will now build a seaway by herself and another, unnecessary pipeline of even greater dimensions. She has opened a new series of oilfields, with foreign engineers and money, and has discovered uranium deposits in her Northwest, iron in the East.

Not all Canadians are pleased with the vociferous back-slapping heard on most sides in the provinces. Many believe that it is a hollow sound as long as it echoes a strain of resentment or belligerent criticism toward its neighbors.

"The trouble right now," says a mining broker in the Toronto exchange, "is that the whole blessed country is fighting off an inferiority complex it's had for years. The more we grow and the more we do things, the more we see how much further we have been behind — and the ones who yell the loudest are those who feel it the most. You'll find that they're the ones who stand to gain most from promoting this squawking, too. It's the biggest basket of sour grapes in the world today, for my money."



The Fabulous

A TRIP to another planet hardly could reveal more fantastic monsters than lived in your own back yard a hundred million years ago.

Nothing before or since has equaled the terrifying ferocity of these incredible reptiles, and not until space explorers penetrate the steaming mists of Venus or the red face of Mars is there a chance of finding anything so weird and awesome.

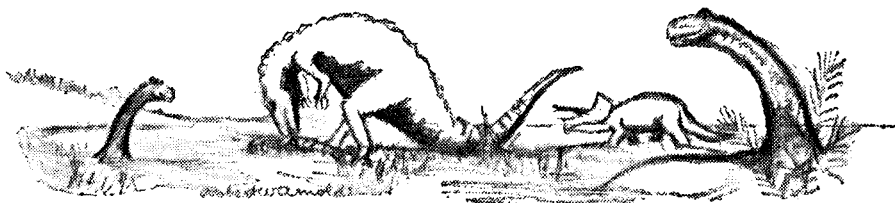
These whopping reptiles dominated the earth during the Mesozoic Era, 200 million years ago. They started out as lobe-finned fish, whose stubby fins enabled them to crawl into shallow ponds, then out on land as the first amphibians. They may have been awkward, clumsy, and unlovely to look at, but once started, their evolution mushroomed.

In this evolutionary melee, Nature allowed herself a prehistoric fling at madness. Some dinosaurs developed long necks, for reaching fruits and vines; others were snorkel-

equipped with nostrils in the top of the head so they could hide under water from their monstrous cousins. Several had a duck-like bill; and others were modified with beaks, crests, shields, horns, sails, fins, web feet and armor plate. The "Bone-head's" skull was nine inches thick — over a brain the size of a walnut. *Triceratops* wore three horns on its armored head, and *Stegosaurus* was adorned not only with upright triangular plates down its back, but four death-dealing spikes at the end of the tail.

With all this amazing equipment to get along with, it's a wonder dinosaurs still are not masters of the land. But the fact is, in spite of their great bulk and its accouterments, not one had a brain able to operate such a complicated machine smoothly.

Dinosaurs moved only by reflex motion and the stimulation to eat. Most of the time, they lay in the sand or lolled in the mud in reptilian torpor, without so much as a single thought.



DINOSAURS

By Ann and Myron Sutton

A thickening at the base of the spinal cord has led to the conception that some had two brains, which is not exactly true. One was merely an outsized nerve center — perhaps an extra bit of grey matter for wagging their enormous tails.

Some lived almost perpetually in swamp waters, which helpfully buoyed up their tremendous weight. One such dinosaur was the peg-toothed, plant-eating *Brontosaurus* (of Alley-Oop fame) which, for all its 40 tons, was as meek as a lamb. On the other hand, the celebrated *Tyrannosaurus* — not even half as big — captured, ripped, slashed and gnawed almost everything in its path.

At the end of Mesozoic time, great upheavals shook the earth from pole to pole. Times and climates changed, new mountains were thrust up, and the dinosaurs — hunters and hunted, carnivores and herbivores, large and small, upland and aquatic — were wiped off the face of the earth.

It has been 60 million years since the last dinosaur collapsed in the dust. Many a change has taken place since then, and the bones of these scaly juggernauts now lie entrapped in sandstones, shales and conglomerates the world over. Hundreds of localities, on every continent except Antarctica, have given up dinosaur bones.

Today, field localities near Luxor, Egypt, are revealing new answers to some age-old secrets. American, Egyptian, and Israeli scientists are atom-testing fossils in rock layers above and below dinosaur beds, measuring oxygen 18 (an isotope) taken in by Mesozoic mollusks. These scientists hope to be able to determine what temperature changes took place in those ancient seas and discover some important clues to the extinction of the dinosaurs.

Meanwhile, until the first celestial expeditions get back from outer space, we can reflect that our own venerable planet has had some amazing inhabitants itself — the fabulous dinosaurs.

Do You Know That—

► At least 46 U.S. Air Force men have been killed or captured in the past five years as a result of Communist shooting attacks on their planes while the Americans were engaged in routine flights in the Far East.

► Utah is the only state in the Union where the murder penalty may be execution by shooting. In six states, murder does not carry the death penalty at all.

► Five hundred and eighty-five tons of gold coin and bullion, worth \$570 million, which was shipped to the Soviet Union by the Spanish Republican government in 1936 as a guarantee against promised weapons for the Loyalists, has not been accounted for by the Soviets.

► By British law, at least three per cent of the employees of an organization with a roster of 20 or more people must be disabled persons, and the handicapped so register for this compulsory employment.

► The Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA), whose initial enabling act

permitted production of electric power only as a by-product of its flood-control and navigation functions, today produces more than half its output in steam generating plants.

► With one in every hundred births a set of twins, U.S. statisticians expect about 40,000 births in 1955 to be doubles. There will also be at least 300 sets of triplets and probably three to six quadruple births.

► The forthcoming industrial development of the pushbutton factory (called "automaton") which is expected in a matter of 25 years or so, when one man may run electronic machinery worth millions of dollars, will mean that the power bill for a factory will be far higher than the payroll, although wages for the highly skilled worker will be much above present pay scales.

► Japan has received almost \$2½ billion in direct aid from the United States since her World War II surrender, not quite ten years ago.

► Birdwatchers, tabulating annual winter migrations, report increasingly large numbers of birds discarding their traditional southward flights. The experts credit an estimated 2 million feeding stations across the country which enable their feathered free-loaders to discard the customary Southern trip.

— NORA DE TOLEDANO

Men WHO MAKE THE Mercury (PART I)

BY JAMES ANDREW MAYER

THE SECRET Communist cell, meeting in a house on New York's Bank Street last spring, had a special purpose. The Party had learned that a contract was being signed for a new book which would deal all too knowingly with Communist espionage, murder, and treason. The book: *Day of Reckoning*, by Ralph de Toledano. The problem: How to undercut the book.

The conspirators were pretty sure they could do the job assigned them — they had done it to many other anti-Communist books — but they listened to the cautionary words of one of the comrades: "We'll have to be careful — Toledano knows all the tricks."

All too often for their comfort, as AMERICAN MERCURY readers know, Toledano had shed heat as well as



Ralph de Toledano

light on their activities. They may have recalled how he scorched the tails of the book-reviewing fraternity (which consistently imposed a pro- and/or anti-anti-Communist conformity on the book pages) in the memorable two-part MERCURY article, "The Gravediggers of America."

They were certainly aware of his week-to-week coverage of the Hiss case which led to *Seeds of Treason*, a bestseller which so successfully penetrated the planned confusions of the Hissites that the *Christian Science Monitor* declared: "A book like this takes its place in the life-stream of the nation." Or they may

have remembered the time he came perilously close to court-martial in his successful efforts to have a registered Soviet agent tossed out of an Army indoctrination job — an effort made, be it noted, while Tolledano held all the privileges and prerogatives of a private first class.

Toledano does indeed know the tricks, and how to trump them. And what may even add to his effectiveness, he enjoys it, much in the spirit that a revivalist enjoys wrestling with the Devil, certain that “evil is eternal even as good is eternal,” and that “it is man’s fate to choose eternally between them.”

BUT THIS is no narrow-lipped fanatic, so intent upon a mission that he finds no joy in life. In his thirty-eight years, Ralph de Toledano has found many interests far from the political battleground. He writes scathing political broadsides and sensitive metaphysical poetry; he electrifies a formal audience with a topical speech, or entertains a group of friends with the score for a musical comedy (words, music, and rendition by Toledano). Doing his job for *Newsweek*, of which he is an Associate Editor, he may interview a trick dog or a Senator, or write a piece about feuding Texans.

Born in the International Zone of Tangier, his American parents brought Toledano home to New York as a five-year-old. His school-boy ambitions fluttered between law and literature, and though the latter

won out, his opponents in debate will testify that he probably gave up a notable courtroom career. At Columbia College, he cornered most of the available literary honors — editorships, poetry prizes, and such — and saw himself published in *Poetry Magazine*, then tops in the field. His first piece in a national magazine was a fantasy about a jazz musician, which appeared in *Coronet* in 1938.

It was at Columbia that he had become interested in jazz, an interest which led to the launching, with the late Eugene Williams, of the first serious jazz magazine to appear in the U. S. This in turn led to his first book, *Frontiers' of Jazz*, an anthology which, Virgil Thomson wrote, “has an authority that few works in this field achieve.”

His record reviews, however, which first appeared in another incarnation of the AMERICAN MERCURY and until recently ran over the cryptic “R. de T.,” brought him a warm following quite apart from political consanguinity. And one of his pieces of serious music criticism, “The Cult of the Conductor,” is included in a standard college text of model English prose.

Toledano’s first significant job after leaving college came in the very early 1940’s. Increasingly concerned with political developments at home and abroad, he joined the staff of the *New Leader*, then a weekly newspaper, which in those days was a rare and knowledgeable voice of anti-Communism. As its

Associate Editor, he wrote news, features, and a column.

His three-year career in the Army was notable for his many changes of station and the handicap which his known anti-Communism proved to be. Taught Italian at Cornell University (he already spoke Spanish and French), he was assigned to OSS for a parachute mission behind the lines in Italy. But when he reached the secret training center in Virginia, he was dumped for being "too anti-Communist."

He eventually wound up in Puerto Rico, where he spent a safe but not completely sane year editing a post daily and weekly, briefing officers and noncoms on the indoctrination of troops, and running interference against Red-slanted Information-Education materials.

AFTER A SPELL as the first managing editor of the anti-Communist monthly *Plain Talk*, he joined the *Newsweek* staff in January, 1948. His first plum was the assignment to cover the Hiss case. From this came *Seeds of Treason* (which *Newsweek* sponsored). He has scored such "beats" as the first interview with Igor Gouzenko, the former Soviet code clerk who lives in hiding in Canada. In the course of his work, he has developed what one newspaper executive described as "the finest high-level contacts I know of."

Though he puts in a five-day week for *Newsweek*, Toledano has written,

in addition to the 1950 Hiss book, *Spies, Dupes and Diplomats*, innumerable magazine articles among which his AMERICAN MERCURY contributions bulk outstandingly, appeared frequently on television, and lectured extensively.

Some of the MERCURY pieces which attracted particular attention were his study of CIO President Walter Reuther and "The Soft Underbelly of the U.S.A." — the first account in a national magazine of the Communist capture of Guatemala.

Toledano's first novel, *Day of Reckoning*, is the book which so concerned the Communist meeting on Bank Street — a book which the Reds would like to stop dead in its tracks when it goes on sale this month. For in its fictional form, it packs more shocking truth about the nature of the Communist movement than does most non-fiction. It is created out of the terror and pity and tragedy of the people who are caught in it and those who fight it — all wrapped up in a fast-moving and gripping story.

But beyond this, *Day of Reckoning* embodies a philosophy of courage and faith — a philosophy summed up in two sentences from "The Road to Anti-Communism," Toledano's most noteworthy article for the MERCURY: "Life is pain, and man is a molecule — but with God, he has an eternity to grow." And later: "The acres of freedom are cold, but all else is a cemetery."



The Trap of **COEXISTENCE**

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

SINCE the death of Stalin two years ago, a new look has been visible in the conduct of Soviet foreign relations. Among other ruses, word is being passed around that any features of Soviet foreign policy which may have seemed rough or disagreeable in the past were due to Stalin's personal whims or crotchets and that the new Soviet regime desires to be a friend of all the world. Indeed, the dead Stalin is being exploited for purposes of propaganda in a way which would have delighted his cynical heart. And the American people are being invited, not without success, to walk into a trap called coexistence with the Communist world.

Dr. Hugh Seton Watson, expert in Soviet and Slavic studies and one of all too few British scholars who have taken the true measure of the permanent Soviet threat, recently offered the following penetrating analysis of what "coexistence" means on the two sides of the Iron Curtain: "The trouble about peaceful 'co-

existence' is that it means different things on different sides of the Iron Curtain. Unfortunately Western public opinion does not yet understand that when the Stalinists say 'peaceful coexistence' they mean war without shooting, in preparation for war with shooting and with hydrogen bombs. When the Western public hears the phrase, it understands peace and even the prospect of friendship. There is an alarming parallel between the mood of Britain today and at the time of Munich. Whatever they may now think, they thought in 1938. The men of Munich really believed that they could trust Hitler. Today similar illusions are growing up about Malenkov and Mao."

It is indeed surprising that so little is learned from the experience of history, including very recent history. The slogan of coexistence is reviving all the old illusions of appeasement. It is remarkable how cheaply Moscow and Peiping can buy confidence in some circles. The

release of a few Americans from slave labor camps eclipses the horror and iniquity of the slave labor system. If a Soviet note refusing satisfaction for the shooting down of an American plane is less truculent in phrasing than former notes, the outrage of the shooting down of the plane is played down.

If the Secretary-General of the United Nations returns from Peiping without the American aviators — casualties of a UN war, who were detained and sentenced in flagrant violation of the Korean armistice — without any date for their release, without even having seen the men, the mere fact that he has talked with Chou En-lai is represented as a notable diplomatic achievement. Indeed this case of the aviators is an apt illustration of how Communist regimes try to make crime pay.

By holding these men as hostages, the Chinese Communist gangsters hope to impose “restraint” on American action, and even comment, on the Far Eastern situation. Their long-range blackmailing objectives are still more ambitious: to exact, as the price of releasing the aviators, admission of China into the United Nations and American abandonment of the cause of Chiang Kai-shek. And there seem to be some Americans, even in high places, who are gullible enough and short-sighted enough to fall in with this design of extortion and blackmail.

In line with the softer and more amiable new line in foreign relations,

a high Soviet official in Washington recently invited a journalist, associated with a conservative newspaper, to a private luncheon without other guests. Taking the opportunity to offer a long exposition of Soviet foreign policy, the official came up with just two concrete suggestions. One was that the United States should cease to support Chiang Kai-shek. The other was that America should give up the rearming of Germany. Both these moves, of course, would be long steps in the direction of handing Moscow the key to Europe, and the Moscow-Peiping Axis the key to Asia.

There was no suggestion of any Soviet *quid pro quo*, of any Soviet concessions as compensation for what would be very great American concessions to Moscow. And this is characteristic of the Soviet conception of bargaining, which has always been all take and no give.

ABOUT the whole coexistence campaign there is a stale and rather sinister suggestion of “This is where we came in.” It is not as if the United States and other Western powers had not tried to get along with the Kremlin dictatorship. The wartime mood, in America, strongly cultivated by the Roosevelt Administration, went far beyond coexistence as an ideal. The most conservative magazines threw their columns wide open to notorious Communist sympathizers and prop-

agandists. State Department officials who retained their anti-Communist integrity felt obliged to meet friends in an atmosphere of furtive conspiracy. The most respectable names appeared as sponsors of organizations which subsequently turned up on the Attorney-General's subversive list. One Soviet agent, Alger Hiss, held high office and laid the groundwork for the United Nations. Another, Harry Dexter White, went about his master's business in the strategic Treasury Department, which he packed with suspicious characters whose doings and misdoings kept the security agencies busy for years afterwards.

The Roosevelt Administration looked forward to the closest and friendliest collaboration with Stalin's dictatorship; the expression of any doubt on this subject in the war years was regarded as akin to treason. It was Roosevelt's theory, outlined to William C. Bullitt, former Ambassador to the Soviet Union and to France, that if we only gave Stalin everything he asked for, perhaps without even waiting to be asked, the Soviet dictator would evolve into a co-operative do-gooder. Stalin naturally made the most of this theory, which reached its culminating expression at Yalta. Here Stalin received moral sanction for virtually annexing almost 100 million East Europeans and for acquiring a stranglehold on Manchuria, key industrial and strategic area of China.

But appeasement did not work with Stalin, any more than it worked with Hitler. Despite the far-reaching concessions to Soviet demands and ambitions, the "gallant ally" of World War II steadily evolved into our enemy of the Cold War.

THE QUESTION of who has been the aggressor in the Cold War can easily be determined by simple answers to simple questions. Was it North Korea, armed and directed from the Soviet Union, that invaded South Korea, or the other way around? Was it the Soviet Union that blockaded West Berlin or the Western powers that blockaded East Berlin? Is there any example of the Western powers stirring up armed revolt and civil war in any country behind the Iron Curtain, as the Soviet Union and its satellites promoted civil war in Greece?

Behind these specific acts of aggression lie certain characteristics of imperialist Communism which condemned the Roosevelt appeasement policy to inglorious failure and make prolonged coexistence the most forlorn of forlorn hopes.

First, there is the fundamental creed of Communism, a creed that is forced on the peoples of the Soviet Union, of China, and of the Soviet satellites, with all the authority of a compulsory religion. This is a creed of relentless class, civil, and international war, which will only end when the whole world has been conquered by Communism.

Every nation ruled by Communists is militarized to the limit of its economic resources. The Soviet government has always resisted plans for international disarmament with provisions for international control and inspection.

Second, the Soviet government, from the moment it came into existence, has persistently and consistently displayed contempt for its treaties and obligations. Not for nothing did Lenin write, in the pamphlet, "The Infantile Sickness of Leftism in Communism": "It is necessary to use any ruse, cunning, unlawful method, evasion, concealment of truth."

The Soviet rulers recognized the independence of some of the minor nationalities of the Tsarist Empire, such as the Georgians, only to destroy this independence at the first opportunity. They gave repeated promises to abstain from interfering in the internal affairs of other countries and up to this day have used their embassies as centers of espionage and subversion.

Stalin lied when he signed a non-aggression treaty with Poland. He lied when he signed a non-aggression treaty with Finland. He lied when he signed similar treaties with the Baltic republics. He lied when he repeatedly declared himself in favor of "a strong, independent Poland." He lied when he signed the Atlantic Charter, with its provisions for national self-determination, while meditating and carrying out

the biggest land grabs in modern European history. He lied at Yalta when he signed his name to promises of "free, unfettered elections" in Poland. He lied at Potsdam when he pledged himself to promote democratic parties and economic unity in occupied Germany.

The Chinese Communists have followed the same pattern of brutal and cynical disregard of their pledged word. It is rather a sad commentary on the shortness of human memory and the fallibility of human intelligence that Western statesmen should see value in new pacts with a regime that has broken so many engagements in the past; that a cease-fire should be hopefully recommended in the Strait of Formosa when the armistices that ended temporarily the fighting in Korea and Indo-China have been repeatedly and notoriously violated by the Communist side.

THIRD, an insuperable obstacle to genuine peace with the Communists is the gigantic international Communist fifth column, numbering many millions of organized Communists throughout the world. The Soviet idea of coexistence would be that nothing critical of Communism should appear in foreign publications, that the efforts of such organizations as the Free Europe Committee and the Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism to keep alive the spirit of freedom in the peoples of the satellite countries and

of the Soviet Union should be discontinued. Meanwhile Communist termites, directed from Moscow, would continue their work of rotting the foundations of the free societies and softening them for eventual Communist take-over, with or without the helpful assistance of the Red Army.

Fourth, the huge Communist empire, which now includes about one-third of the population of the world, which is bigger than Hitler's, or Napoleon's, or Genghis Khan's, is, by its very existence, a threat to peace which requires a constant attitude of alert vigilance and strong military preparedness in the rest of the world. Stalin once said: "We will not yield an inch of our own soil; we do not want a foot of foreign soil."

STALIN did not say: We do not want a foot of foreign soil except . . . Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, large chunks of Poland and Finland, eastern Czechoslovakia, Koenigsberg, South Sakhalin, Outer Mongolia . . . plus effective domination, through stooge Communist regimes, of Poland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Albania, and the Soviet Zone of Germany. But this is the record, up to date; and Red China gives every sign of preparing to start on a career of expansion and conquest in Asia comparable with Russia's in Europe.

In the face of the imperialist threat of international Commu-

nism, there is no peace in appeasement, no safety in retreat, no security in cowardice. For empires become stronger and more threatening as they add more population and more territory. If Secretary Dulles is ever tempted to listen to siren voices of coexistence, he should refer to a very wise and perceptive paragraph on page 251 of his book, *War or Peace*, published in 1950:

"The great danger of war would come if and when Soviet leaders successfully combined Eastern Europe and Asia into a vast political, industrial, and military unity and completed the 'encirclement' phase of their strategy. They would then be so strong that they might well plan to finish their conquest by war."

Is this not the obvious objective of the coexistence slogan: to consolidate existing gains before moving in for the final kill?

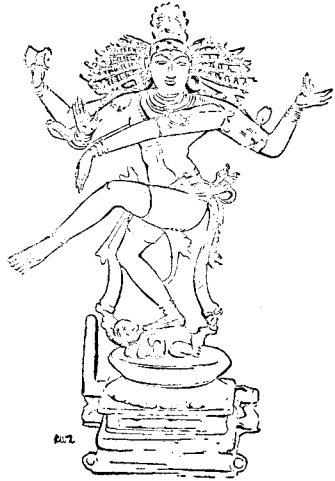
It is worthwhile to remember how many individuals, how many small nations have wanted desperately to live in peaceful coexistence with the Soviet Union.

Indeed, many individuals, many peoples, could rise from the grave to testify that "coexistence" with the Communist python means death in its embrace.

That will be the fate of the American people, too, if, after so many warnings, they walk open-eyed into the baited trap of the latest Communist maneuver for ultimate world conquest.

A Dancer *Goes to* **INDIA**

By Karla Pries



AN ANGUISHED bawling awakened me at dawn. I slipped off my bed—a wooden chest—rubbing my eyes and shaking my head until I recalled I was in a room in Adyar, nine miles from Madras, in southern India. I heard the other girls laughing and chattering and banging their wash pails.

The bawling continued and I slipped outside to investigate the anguished wails. It was a milk-buffalo, being switched from door to door to be milked. When the poor emaciated thing wouldn't give milk, the driver pushed a dead and stuffed calf at her udder. The buffalo would turn around to lick it, and give milk. I saw that live calves, used for the same purpose, were more than half-starved and were lucky to get a suck or two of the precious milk.

A servant drew me a pail of water and taking a dipper I entered a little closet with a drainage hole and poured water over me. It was most refreshing after the hot, humid night.

I dressed and walked outside. A little girl was gathering tiny star-shaped flowers. I asked her why she was gathering them and she replied very simply: "It's for God." All the trees in India bear flowers. Some bloom at only certain times of the day—a white, frail kind. Then there are full pink bunches made for girls to wear at the nape of the neck; yellow, lily-shaped ones; and the fiery red blossoms called "Flame of the Forest." That is why at every festival women and girls have an aura of perfume about them.

I was enchanted, but the spell was quickly broken. A small child,

as emaciated as the milk-buffalo, was tugging at my dress. She was carrying a half-dead baby. A tiny voice at my side was begging alms. Dark eyes looked up at me and a small dark hand was raised. I gave her a few coins and she went to a nearby peddler selling nuts who sold her a meager handful. She snatched them, then squatted on



the ground, feeding the little baby her share. The hungry crows swarmed in, trying to grab the nuts out of their mouths. Other naked little children, bellies swollen from hunger, followed, begging, but unfortunately my annas were expended.

This, like every other day in India, was a day of contrasts, for this was a religious holiday in honor of Lakshima, *the Goddess of Abundance*.

I suppose, before I continue, I should tell a bit about myself, and what I was doing in India. I'm a New Yorker, only child of the noted photographer, Ethel Pries. I was an art student of Cooper Union and the Art Students League and a dance pupil at Carnegie Hall. I studied under Michail Mordkin, Russian ballet master, who predicted a future for his long-legged pupil.

My first introduction to the Indian dance was at a Uday Shankar performance. The beautiful and graceful poses which changed into fast and intricate patterns with belled feet not only left deep impressions — but changed my life. I directed my interests to a study of Oriental dances. La

Meri and Regina Devi were my first teachers and eventually I gave performances, for money — TV, Carnegie Hall, Broadway.

Then one day I stood before a statue in a Philadelphia museum. It was a likeness of Shiva Nataraja, the Hindu God of Dance. I said a small prayer that one day I might travel to India to study the country's great dance-art at its source.

I dreamed dreams — dreams that crystallized when I won a small

scholarship which made it possible for me to go to India. I went abroad on a Norwegian freighter, and at long last reached Kalakshetra, the celebrated art center in Adyar.

So now back to the religious holiday in honor of Lakshimi, the Goddess of Abundance. I moved through crowds of the starving, the beggars, the lepers, to the Puja Hall, which was decorated with cocoanut fronds, cut and designed in many shapes. Mango leaves were also strung about the pillars and doorway. At the altar of Brahma were hung many yellow cocoanuts and long banana leaves. Fruit and flower offerings were strewn about the floor, traditionally decorated with rice floor paste. Spices and gum were aglow in the incense burners. I could only wish that the starved and the half-starved outside could have had the cocoanuts, the fruit, the rice-paste and the spices. Later I was glad to learn that the fruits are indeed traditionally distributed to the poor after the ceremony.

There was a religious chant to Lakshimi. Bells rang; drums picked up a rhythm; and worshippers joined to sing a soaring melody in perfect unison. The golden oil burner was upheld by a Brahmin priest whose forehead was painted with the white V-shape of Vishnu. He made several circular motions with the burner, then took it around and we all purified our hands by passing them through the flame. A large platter of yellow strings was passed

around as the ritual neared its close. To each string was tied a pungent-smelling herb. We tied the strings on each others' wrists to bring prosperity.

But outside, the starved and the half-starved, the beggars and the lepers and the crows were as hungry as if the Puja had not happened.

TO THE Western eye, all India is one long continuation of violent contrasts. And everywhere there is hunger. Even at such a heavenly spot as Adyar Beach where the fishermen's large, crude boats look like giant toys, the naked little children, dozens of them, followed me about the beach, begging for annas. There was much petty stealing. The night watchman, who blows his whistle all night to ward off thieves, stole my new sandals when he helped me move into my hut. The crows swooped down and snatched food out of my plate indoors, coming through any opening. There is very little pity for hardship, for all the people, excepting the wealthy, are used to it.

There is no such thing as time in India. What it takes an hour to do in New York took a long, full day there. In our school, the cook would get up at 3:00 A.M. and work steadily until 10 P.M. The hours of study were almost equally long.

I spent much time during those periods dodging animals, snakes, and insects. Elephants are friendly and prankish, but I never learned to

care for cheetas and leopards, even when allegedly domesticated. The mongoose was welcome because (most of the time, but not always) he'd keep the cobras away. Scorpions came after the rains and the place abounded in fat spiders and centipedes and I feared the worst every time I walked outside to the wash stalls. There were harmless, rat-sized chameleons resembling prehistoric monsters and huge night rats that chewed my sandals and stole my soap.

I hated to leave Kalakshetra, my haven from such unfamiliar surroundings. But it was time to study with other teachers in the too-few months left for me. I moved to Kilpauk, in Madras, to be near the great Balasaraswathi, one of the last living Devi Dasis of the original temple dancers.

Traveling by bus in southern India is an unforgettable experience. In just one trip, for instance, an old woman put her full weight on my knee as a support, a child pulled at my hair, and a woman pushed her dirty basket over me and almost sat on me — but who, when I glared at her, gave me a betel-nut-stained grin that made me forget my annoyance.

Kilpauk is one of those residential areas in Madras, its clustering villages enclosed within the great city. From my new quarters I could observe the early morning activities in the nearby mud and palm-thatched village. Here and there men were

bathing by way of dipper and jug of water; rinsing their mouths and cleaning their teeth with their fingers and neem stalks. Women were cleaning blackened earth pots with sand or home-made tambrind powder. Scores of crows balanced on lines of discolored wash. Sluggish-looking buffalo cows munched dry hay and half-starved calves were futilely sucking for a last drop. Two women were carrying large baskets of well-baked cowdung cakes on their heads and a withered beggar woman with bare and wrinkled breasts was picking up tambrind pods for food and fuel. And those crows, raking the windless air with their endless crowing, blended with the harsh tongues of two peasant women. The oversweetness of tropical flowers mingled with the stench of urinated walls and gutters. But the villagers were kind and sweet. A single nut, a handful of rice, were costly gifts, and their betel-nut smiles were priceless.

AND THEN I met Srimathi Balasaraswathi, one of the all-time greats in the Bharata Natyam dance. She knew I did not come to her before to study because I thought her unapproachable. It was 7:30 A.M. when I arrived at her modest little home. Her brother, Ranga, told me, "She does not think of whether you can pay her — she only wants your sincere interest in her teaching. That will be enough for one who has come such a long way to study this dancing."

Bala (as I learned to call her) was not yet present, but her little daughter, Danalakshima, brought me a chair and the younger brother was playing sweetly on a flute. Bala came into the room and sat on the floor. In spite of the heat and her wearing of a heavy purple silk sari, with her hair up in a loose knot, she appeared cool. As she sat on the floor, there was something beautiful about her casual poise. She was beautiful in a way that defied ordinary standards — in a way that was not coarsened even when she spat tobacco-and-betel-nut juice. There was an aloofness, too, which I later realized derived from her complete mastery of her art.

Again, study and practice took all my time. Neighbors old and young would line up at my window to watch me practice at night, but the instant I opened my door all talking stopped and the audience focused on me. I hated to go to the toilet, slightly out of sight, because they seemed to keep a score on how many times I had to go.

Often I was annoyed by the curiosities of my neighbors, but I began to understand there was no maliciousness or unfriendliness, and their gawking and laughter was not mere amusement at the strange foreigner but enjoyment at having a Western woman in their midst.

I made many visits to many places in India. One was to the home of Prince Pritiraj, cousin of the Maharaja of Mysore. There I saw the

other side of Indian life, in all its jeweled splendor.

BUT THE trip I shall always remember was the one, just before I left India, to the great temple of Shiva — the dancing god I had admired, and prayed to, in the Philadelphia museum. Rangvitthal, friend, interpreter, and one of my Madras dancing teachers, sent me a note: "Meet me at the Egmore Station at 9 P.M. sharp so we can reserve upper berths before train time." We rolled out of Egmore station as we joked and laughed over the heads of other floor-sitting passengers.

We arrived at Chidambaram early next morning. Rang hired a bullock cart to take us to the great temple. We jolted along in the pretty bullock cart behind a small white bull, garlanded with a shell and blue-beaded chain, and finally arrived at the great gate.

Leaving our sandals in the cart, we entered barefooted. On the massive gate were the stone-carved figures — part of the 108 *karanas* (dancing poses preserving the ancient dance art of Bharatha Natayam). I looked at the great golden dome in which the perfect Nataraja figure of Shiva dances on a golden stage and remembered the day I had stood in a Philadelphia museum before a replica of the statue of Shiva with a prayer on my lips that someday I could go to India to study her great dance culture.

THERE can be little doubt that an affinity for revolutionary philosophy has spread like a rash these last score of years in American universities. It would be a libel on great numbers of thoughtful and balanced minds in these institutions to say that the plague has infected every department or even a majority of the teaching staffs. But it is true that a considerable number of angry scholars can be found in our colleges who are deeply implicated to varying degrees in the philosophy of Marx.

Of course, there have always been a number of teachers who were fascinated by the radiant promise of the socialist heaven. But I suggest it is a fact that this disease, once only a mild infection, has broadened in its spread and virulence. The influences back of this are several. One, of course, was the so-called Great Depression which crashed over our business world in 1929.

The Depression of 1929 struck a severe blow at the public school system which is supported in this country by local and state taxes. The economic crisis shut off the flow of taxes in many states. The injury to

the city's revenues, already gravely hurt by corrupt city government, was suddenly tragically aggravated by the impact of the Depression. Funds for higher education all over the country were inevitably cut. Public grants were drastically cur-

tailed from treasuries hit by the drop in taxes and private grants were even more severely cut off from wealthy patrons whose fortunes were being imperiled by the damage done to the industries whose stocks and bonds they held.

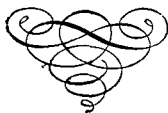
These financial disasters struck the pocketbooks of college professors and instructors.

This, in turn, very quickly produced serious philosophical repercussions in their minds. Salary increases ceased in many institutions and grade promotions which involve salary increments were curtailed or even stopped.

It was my lot to visit many college campuses during those unhappy years and one needed no more than half an eye to perceive the impression made on the mind of teachers. It was a happy decade for the Red and Pink philosophers in the faculties to infect the minds of teachers,

SOCIALISM AND OUR COLLEGES

By John T. Flynn



as well as students, with the warning that their old friend, the Capitalist Catastrophe, had now visited good old Siwash, to say nothing of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia and, indeed, every institution in America.

There had always been, particularly in our Eastern colleges, a heavy infiltration of leftist teachers — varying of course, in the depth and brilliance of their ruddy hues. For the most part they were socialists, but there was a much larger group who, while not outright socialistic, were willing to concede that the socialists, after all, “had something.”

A FEW years ago, a House Committee called attention to a number of eminent scholars who were hospitable to the Communist philosophy — such men as Robert Morse Lovett of Chicago University, Dr. Harry F. Ward, professor emeritus of Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Walter Rautenstrauch, who was affiliated with over 50 Communist fronts, Dr. Henry Pratt Fairchild of New York University, and others.

Dr. J. B. Matthews, who has made a long and painstaking study of this subject, has written that since 1935 “the Communist Party has enlisted the support of at least 3,500 professors — many of them dues-paying members, many others fellow travelers and some of them outright espionage agents.” This included, of course, a number of

starry-eyed dupes of various subversive enterprises. The Communists and Communist fellow travelers are, of course, merely a more malignant type of socialist, in a hurry to bring on the socialist revolution. The more rational type of socialist gradualists were probably far more numerous.

There had always been a limited number of teachers in the colleges who dallied on a limited scale with the heady draught of Marxian philosophy. But it was the Depression of 1929 which seemed to produce a kind of proof of the Marxian prophecies of the capitalist catastrophe. This was supplemented with a far more formidable proof on the professors’ payroll level. I would say, therefore, that one of the first and perhaps the gravest of the injuries to our society was performed by the unthinking *chevaliers d’industrie* who, in their mad enthusiasm for profit, went wild on our stock exchanges, in our banking system, and in our corporate set-ups, turning shares in our great companies into so many red, blue, and white chips in the craziest gambling game since John Law invented the “System” 200 years ago.

George Sokolsky recently wrote a powerful sentence touching this matter. “There are corruptive possibilities,” he said, “in the genteel poverty of our learned men.” What is to be done about it I do not know. I do know that in most of our colleges the faculties are heavily in-

fested with teachers caught with the conviction that there is something wrong with a system which pays a full professor 9,000 fifty-cent dollars a year and perhaps \$10,000 a week to Arthur Godfrey. I am compelled to agree on this point. But I suggest that the professor, like the preacher and, for that matter, the journalist and writer, must forever look for his greatest honorarium in the dividends he gets out of a profession whose values cannot be measured in dollars.

THE QUESTION of the professor's pay is a subject I know something about. I served for nine years as a member of the Board of Higher Education in New York City, which administers the affairs of four immense undergraduate colleges. This system provides education on the college level for some 50,000 students at no cost to them. When I was appointed, in the middle 30's, these institutions seethed with revolt. It was provoked by the salary and promotion policies of the colleges. I was amazed at the capacity of the teaching profession for submission to exploitation. The salary schedules were not so bad for the times, but the policy of holding teachers down in low grades after their increments had been exhausted created widespread and wholly justified unrest.

I can testify that a large Communist group, secretly organized within the faculties, made a shock-

ing use of this equally shocking situation. The lowest grade was that of a fellow — bringing \$600 a year — which in most institutions is little more than a defensible device to help a promising teacher to equip himself for more advanced responsibilities. I was astounded to find that men were appointed as fellows in at least one of these colleges and kept there, carrying full teaching schedules, for years. This was done on a far larger scale in the rank of the tutors. If the teaching staffs of that institution seethed with socialist and Communist revolt, there was a natural basis for it.

As a member of the Board, I provoked a thorough study of the whole system and served as chairman of the committee appointed to make it. It took a solid year, in the course of which, for the first time in the life of these institutions, the faculties and younger teachers were asked to submit their complaints and to appear and air their grievances. This ended in a wholly new system of appointments and promotions and salary schedules and a system of laws which brought the faculties on a large scale into the management of these great institutions.

About the same time, the Rapp-Coudert Committee of the New York state legislature identified approximately 35 Communist Party members in the teaching staff — all of whom, as I recall, were dismissed.

But it is not just the Communist teacher who is a menace. It is the teacher who believes he has a right to use his classroom to indoctrinate his students — often slyly — in the philosophy of socialism. Indeed, I am more disturbed about the teachers who are not Communists, but hidden socialists.

Because they are not branded with the label of disloyalty by reason of their affinity for Russian interests, they seem not to be a source of so much concern. But I insist that no teacher in any college has a right to use his classroom for indoctrinating his students in the principles of socialism unless he does so openly and with the full consent of the college.

Furthermore, I insist that the college authorities have no right to deny that their classrooms are being used for this purpose when it is known and actually permitted. I hold that Harvard or Columbia or any other institution has a right to shape their own curricula and to adopt either Communism or socialism or any other economic philosophy, provided they declare that to be their aim and policy.

In the United States, a man has a right to be a socialist. No one has ever denied that. But I deny his right to be a socialist and to penetrate the classrooms of a college and slyly use that position to indoctrinate his students in Marxian philosophy, unless the authorities of the university permit it and that fact is

made known to those who send their sons and daughters to such a school and to the public generally.

I HAVE pointed out that the roots of social revolt in the colleges took as one of its sources the Depression, which gave our economic system a sort of philosophic and economic black eye. This economic disaster spread its evil effects on the campuses in two ways. First, it impoverished numerous institutions by impoverishing their benefactors. Second, it seemed to provide dramatic proof of the indictment the socialists had been bringing against the system of private enterprise for two generations. Few writers in this country inveighed more endlessly against these abuses than I, and they ended, as I predicted, in a great economic collapse.

But it is not true that this collapse provided a just basis for judging the system of private enterprise or the superiority of the collectivist society. Private capitalism, if it is to operate on a sound basis, must do so in accordance with its own laws. And in the years between the First and Second World Wars, almost every principle of good behavior in that system was grossly violated. Oddly enough, nothing important has been done since then to provide rational rules for that game. Instead we were taken off — and continue to be taken off — on a crazy partnership between the collectivist dupes and the champions of endless

debt and taxation — with war and militarism as the base of our system.

Finally, there was another infection — a kind of institutional disease — which has also run like a rash through American colleges. For lack of a better word it might be called the disease of “intellectualism.”

Included in this is an assumption that the intellectual is tapped by God Almighty — or whatever deity our intellectual accepts — to “bear rule,” as one of the most famous of the tribe has expressed it. He sees something obscene in a world where a ruthless money-grubber gathers in a hundred thousand or a couple of million a year, while he, the dreamer of bright new worlds, the searcher of the skies, the discoverer of the mysteries of the earth and the heavens, must toil for a mere six or seven or ten thousand a year.

THERE is no single stream of activity in history quite as bizarre as the long succession of “bright new worlds,” fashioned by men who tagged themselves as intellectuals. These earthly heavens — from Plato to Henry Wallace — scores of them conceived by intellectuals and financed by starry-eyed millionaires, provide us with one of the most incredible records in history of the folly not of authentic crackpots, but of a whole succession of eminent philosophers, poets, writers, and teachers.

Of these enclosed earthly heavens, none was as loony as one which was

spawned in Boston and captured scores of its intelligentsia, many of them denizens of the Harvard Yard. The plan was proposed by a French travelling salesman named Fourier. He proposed to break up society into small enclosed agricultural communities. The workers would all dine in a common hall with meals prepared by expert cooks. Each citizen would produce enough from his 18th to his 28th birthday to support him in leisure for the rest of his life. These communities would live under a kind of socialist czar called a Unarch, and all of them under a central czar called an Omniarch.

There is no room to add any further details of this screwy heaven, save to say that it attracted such men as Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Ellery Channing, Charles Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*, and Horace Greeley, founder of the *New York Tribune*, and scores of other notables — poets, novelists, historians, writers, musicians — and professors by the dozen.

There is not the slightest doubt that had they been alive at the time, Dr. Conant, Dr. Oppenheimer, Dr. Einstein, Henry Wallace, Professor Harlow Shapley, Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, Milton Eisenhower, Paul Douglas, and Rexford Tugwell, with young Henry Ford to provide the cash and the editors of the *New York Times* and *Herald-Tribune* to provide the newsprint, would all have been members.



Let's Talk Frankly About Money, Doctor

A LETTER OF ADVICE
FROM A PATIENT

BY CARL WILLIAMS

Dear Doctor:

As I was leaving your office after my last visit, I made some unimportant comment about socialized medicine. You cynically summed up your attitude like this: "We're going to get socialized medicine sooner or later," you said, "whether we want it or not."

I've been wondering about your defeatist prognosis. Certainly I do not want to place my health in the care of any Federally controlled program. Neither, so far as I know, do any of my friends. And it is obvious enough how the great majority of your profession feel about it.

Sometimes laws get on the books by a kind of default. You may wake up some day to read in your morning paper that socialized medicine is here. You will blame this on "those bureaucrats." But I believe the fault will partly rest with you and your profession. I believe you have failed to make enough friends and champions among your patients. Instead of be-

ing actively, positively and vocally on your side, your patients are uninformed and, worse, indifferent. If "bureaucrats" get their way, it is often public indifference that makes it possible.

It would surely shock you to hear what some patients say about their doctors. One businessman put it this way: "If doctors are not careful, they'll price themselves right out of the market."

Let me hasten to tell you that, in my humble opinion, some of your patients fail to realize that doctors, too, are victims of inflation. Most of you work long, hard hours these days, and I doubt the increase in your charges matches the rise in living costs. You may be getting a little unfair pushing around on this subject. But the point is — why? Why do people fret and grumble about doctors' increased charges, but eagerly buy automobiles at \$4,000 that cost less than \$2,000 a dozen years ago, or sirloin steak at more than a dollar a pound?

The truth of the matter is, I think, that because of long, professional custom, or jealous protection of high ideals, or just plain false modesty, you have woefully neglected something which, although you hear a lot about it in this modern world, you are nevertheless sadly ignorant about. That is — public relations. In your case, doctor-patient relations.

As a businessman, I know (but who should know better than you?) that a man's most sensitive nerve

runs directly through his pocket-book. Most of what I shall say here concerns, not so much your profession's charges, but your profession's *methods* of charging.

WE'LL START this subject right in your own waiting room. As always on these busy days, there are several people waiting to see you. Let's say that two of them are making their first calls; two others have not been in your office for a long time. All four of these patients have one thing in common. They do not know what you are going to charge them today for their few moments with you. They'd like to know. But you won't tell them and they won't ask you. It just isn't done.

Occasionally, to be sure, a patient screws up his courage and broaches the question. At this point, the average doctor lifts his eyebrows into a Gothic arch and frowns down upon his caller from his tall professional tower. The poor patient is now flushed and withered, and feels as he might if he had suddenly blurted an unspeakable word at a fashionable dinner party. Finally, with quiet, aloof dignity, he *may* tell his patient what he wants to know.

When you put up at a hotel, I'm sure the first thing you do is determine the rate charged for the room assigned to you. Not only that, you usually find a card in your room which again tells you the single and double rates for that room. You know exactly where you stand; no

hotel manager would stay in business long if his guests were expected to wait until the end of their stay before knowing what they were being charged. Why shouldn't your patients have this same assurance?

Which leads me to my first and quite painless suggestion. It is this: Have a neat little sign printed, say about eight by ten inches, giving in conspicuous and readable type exactly what you charge for an office visit, and what you charge for an outside call. Have this sign framed and hung in your waiting room. (I'm sure I don't need to remind you that your own group, the American Medical Association, has already proposed that you do this. Why don't you?)

BUT IT IS not you general men, doctor, who are the chief sinners in this matter of secrecy about costs. This dubious honor belongs to your brothers, the surgeons. To this group, money is indeed a vulgar commodity — although in my few experiences no checks have been returned.

Some years ago, I found myself facing a major operation, and I took steps to make sure I was putting myself in the hands of an able man. I found him, but I was not comforted by the gossip about his charges.

So, determined for once to be a man and not a mouse, I spoke the forbidden words: "How much, Doctor, will this cost me?" The next few moments saw an exhibition of

fencing rarely equalled. But all my thrusts and parries availed me nothing. I do recall that he promised, with unappreciated joviality, to leave me enough to take a taxi home from the hospital. But tell me his fee he would not. Nor was my post-operative recovery speeded by one of the nurses in the hospital who flattered me with, "Of course, Mr. Williams, it isn't everybody who can afford to have Dr. —"

A month or so later, the dreadfully apprehended bill arrived. I feared thousands (why not, wasn't that his reputation?) but it was only hundreds. I'm no judge of these things, but to me the charge was fair and reasonable. I paid promptly and with no regrets. As you well know, I could match this with similar stories told me by my friends. But why was I, and why have my friends, been subjected to this unnerving doubt and worry in the first place? As the American College of Surgeons has pointed out to its members, surgeons only earn the ill will of patients by this conspiracy of secrecy.

Right about now I can hear you muttering the conventional defense of surgeons. "Their charges vary," you say, "depending upon the ability of the patient to pay." Only by this means, according to the pious explanation, can surgeons afford to take care of the poor as well as the rich and still make a living. Very well, then, let's face this deplorable custom of "soaking the rich" — a

policy you seem to abhor when practiced by "Washington bureaucrats." Right here, I think, you will find some of the most irritating lesions on the ailing body of doctor-patient relations.

A popular game at cocktail parties I have attended is one in which the guests swap stories about the costs of operations. More often than not, I have noticed, the players do not talk about their own operations, where the charges were probably fair and therefore dull, but about the operations of numerous third parties, where the charges, according to the teller, were fabulous and therefore exciting.

One of these stories I credit as true, because it was told me by a doctor you know well and respect highly. It concerns a wealthy Midwesterner who brought his wife to New York for a thyroid operation. The surgeon he selected was, admittedly, one of the finest in his field. The charge (needless to say, it was not discussed before the operation) was \$15,000. Under protest, it was reduced to \$12,000, and paid. I am assured there were no complications or other circumstances to justify this fee. It was a simple, concrete example of "soaking the rich." In the light of stories of this kind — some true, but many probably false — is it any wonder that there are people who say doctors are themselves suffering an affliction which might be called a rush of Cadillacs to the head?

ANOTHER HABIT among surgeons, and one so deeply rooted that a flaccid public accepts it with amazingly little protest, is the impertinence of asking a patient his income before assessing the cost of an operation.

Personally, I have no great objection to engaging in a financial strip tease with a surgeon if that is what he wishes. I shall insist, however, that it be a duet. I shall want to know his net income for the preceding year. And why not? According to his view, the more money I earn, the larger fee I can afford to pay him. But my views are dictated by self-interest, too. As I see it, the larger the doctor's income, the less he needs to charge me in order to keep body and soul together and a roof over his head.

Very seriously, doctor, I believe that this gold curtain dropped between surgeon and patient is one of the most serious sins against good public relations in your profession. No doubt you are right in assuring me that most surgeons are dedicated men who give much of their skill and time without reward. This, perhaps, is part of the cost which must be paid for the freedom which would not be theirs under Federally controlled medicine. I am merely suggesting that it is every man's right to know what he is going to be charged whether he buys an operation or a refrigerator. And, finally, that the reckless custom of "soaking the rich" and prying into people's

incomes is not good doctor-patient relations.

There is a way, perhaps, by which much of the spice can be removed from the gossip about surgeons' charges, and at the same time clear the air enshrouding *all* medical costs. This might happen if you, the family doctor and personal physician, would assume the full responsibility which is rightfully yours as an all-around medical counselor.

For example, let us assume that your examination of one of your patients reveals the need of an operation. Your first responsibility, of course, is to recommend a surgeon to do the job. You do so. But here you now let the matter drop. Remember that your patient, in all probability, has never heard of the man you propose. Beyond your casual recommendation of him as a "good man," he knows nothing about him.

I respectfully suggest that your patient will leave your office in far better psychological health if you would take a few extra moments with him to discuss what is a major event in his life although it may be all in the day's work to you. Tell him there are three or four surgeons who might be engaged for his particular need. When you make your specific recommendation, which you must, give him some of the background of this man. How old is he? With what hospital or hospitals is he associated? Is he a member of the American College of Surgeons? Have you engaged his services for other

patients? How did these patients react to him? (Do I hear you grumbling that a patient is no fit judge of these matters? Maybe you're right, but do you mind giving us the comfort of at least thinking that we had a small hand in making the decision?)

Finally, and here's where the rub comes, consult with the selected surgeon on the forbidden subject, the fee, so that you can advise your patient what to expect.

FURTHERMORE, if you are to be truly a family counselor, you have not yet discharged your responsibilities. Does your patient subscribe to Blue Cross? If so, help him to understand just what benefits this will bring to him at the hospital.

As you remember, I was in the hospital some months ago under your care. You ordered a particular laboratory test for me. When my weekly bill came, I discovered that the laboratory charge for this test was \$18. Being a somewhat hardened character in this matter of medical costs, I was not greatly disturbed. But when I reported this charge to you on your next visit, I was not only disturbed, but also a little shocked, to discover that you, my personal physician, had no idea what the laboratory of that hospital charged for that particular service.

Let me make my moral a little clearer by pointing out to you that in my business I have "clients" just as you have "patients." Let us sup-

pose that one of my clients — this is a typical case — asks me to prepare a booklet and then order a printer to run off 10,000 copies.

A few days later — after the printer has set up his type and started to run off the booklets — my client is on the phone to ask me what the job is going to cost him. What would happen if I replied, "I really have no idea, Mr. Client. The printer will send you the bill when the job is completed." What would happen? It's very simple. Quicker than a magician can produce a rabbit, I would lose a client.

On re-reading what I have written to you, I note that several references have been made to business practices, comparing them to medical tactics. Does this offend your professional dignity? I hope not. In all humbleness, I am here only scratching the surface with a few suggestions which I believe would make for a happier, more cooperative, and more loyal relationship between you and your patients.

Trusting that you will grant me good intentions, at least, I should like to draw just one more parallel. I presume your wife runs charge accounts in a few local stores. What, then, would be your reaction to a bill from one of the department stores which read, simply: "June — \$59.75." I can well imagine your blistering letter demanding a completely itemized statement, even down to the smallest spool of thread. But, of course, department stores — as well

as the butchers, the bakers, and candlestick makers — always *do* itemize bills.

WHAT about you? A year or so ago, I called on you four or five times in one month for some slight indisposition. But was it four times — or five? Your bill merely named the month and the sum owed you. Because I honestly believed a mistake might have been made, I called your secretary. A quick look at the files showed that I had made five calls, not four, and gave the precise date of each call. Will you please consider this a request to have your secretary, in all future bills to me, itemize the dates of my calls, the amount per call, and the total? I think your other patients would appreciate this, too.

Well, doctor, this letter is already too long, and I fear you now have an attenuated patience and an acute case of inflammation of the spleen. But believe me, I sincerely want to be helpful. This is really only a plea to you, my friend over many years, for recognition of a few painless policies that would, I think, make more of your patients look upon you as their friend, too. To the degree to which you increase their confident dependence upon you, their loyalty to you, their enthusiastic endorsement of you . . . to that degree you and your profession need have less and less fear that socialized medicine is coming "whether we want it or not."

SOUND

ON DISC

ANALOGY is valid to a point, and then becomes distortion. And so it is with my feeling that chamber music bears the same relationship to orchestral music that a line drawing does to a painting. The idea is not particularly new, but it pressed in on me when I was listening to a couple of Haydn quartets and panoramic *Appalachia* of Delius. In the first, the Schneider Quartet traces the delicate line of the Haydn score (Haydn Society, HSQ-6) — and as in a drawing, the approach to the emotions is via the intellect. In the Delius, Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic splash on the broad, moody colors, directly appealing to the senses which in turn communicate to the intellect. (Columbia, ML 4915)

Having said this, I have said little about the music. But it is interesting to note how each composer (Haydn, the extrovert; Delius, the introspective romantic) was conditioned by his nature and his time.

Haydn had a limited universe as his drawing paper, and the melodic outpouring filled it to the margins. Delius painted on the sky, but much of the canvas was out of his reach. If this makes no sense to you, certainly you can agree that these two recordings, excellently performed and transcribed to vinylite, will be fine additions to any record library.

I have already written with some enthusiasm of the Haydn Society's project of putting the great *Anthologie Sonore* catalogue on LP's for American consumption. The records have been coming out in substantial lots. But I particularly wish to call your attention to one record — *16th Century Vocal Music of Russia, Poland, Spain, and England* — and to one section of that record — some Spanish *romances* beautifully sung by Maria Cid. The *romance* is a kind of ballad, relatively unknown in America but preserved in the folk consciousness of Spain for many

centuries. It is the music of love and war, of courtly misadventure and the passion of adulterous ladies. This is the Round Table of Spain, set to gentle melody, and it should not be overlooked in the rush of "big" works. (Haydn Society, AS-10)

Haydn's short opera, *The Man in the Moon*, is the gay and skittish setting of a Goldoni satire on the middle class. (It was a better world then, for the upper classes could laugh at the middle classes, but today we can laugh at no class but our own.) The libretto draws its style from Molière, and the music kids it. The Esterhazys, Haydn's patrons, loved it, but the composer thought it pretty small potatoes. He was wrong, for every moment is good musical fun. (Period, SLP 703)

Herta Glaz of the Metropolitan Opera Company has a clean mezzo-soprano voice, and she uses it to full advantage against a string quartet and harpsichord in her recording of Pergolesi's gently lovely *Salve Regina*. This music, written shortly before the composer's untimely death at the age of 26, is to my mind more impressive, more deeply felt, and more rewarding than the frequently sung *Stabat Mater*. M-G-M gives it a sharply defined recording. (M-G-M, E-3156)

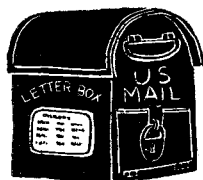
Also on M-G-M is a collection of Irish and Scotch songs. Before you dive for the storm cellar screaming, "Did your Mither come from Oireland," let me assure you that Father Sydney MacEwen has a simple and

unpretentious delivery, and that there is a quiet sweetness to the performance which you will find surprisingly appealing. (M-G-M, E-3152)

IF YOU have any wee ones who are learning to murder *The Happy Farmer* on the family Steinway, you can introduce them painlessly to contemporary music with the album, *Piano Music for Children by Modern American Composers*. It is a sprightly collection, not coy at all, and well played by Marga Richter. (M-G-M, E-3147)

Three 45 rpm Extended Play albums on M-G-M might well be titled: *Background Music for the Preliminaries of Lovemaking*. Leroy Holmes conducts the M-G-M Strings through a sumptuous journey among such old favorites as *Snuggled On Your Shoulder* (the title piece), *Two Sleepy People*, and *I'm in the Mood for Love* (who isn't?). (X-246) In *S'Wonderful*, the Jack Kelly Quintet gives you that too-often neglected Vernon Duke *Autumn in New York*. *These Foolish Things, Get Out of Town*, etc., in politely enticing fashion. (X-280) And the piano of Jack Fina gives an excellent account in *Love in Bloom*, of eight Ralph Rainger melodies — *Thanks for the Memory*, *Moanin' Low*, and *June in January*. The flow of Rainger's songs was cut off by his death in 1942 but the melodies linger on. (X-269)

— RALPH DE TOLEDANO



LEAVE A NOTE IN THE MAILBOX

By Josh M. Drake, Jr.

"MR. POSTMAN," the note read, "please drive to the house and give my car a push. The battery is down and I must drive to town. I have an appointment with the dentist this morning and my husband is in the field across the river with the tractor. I hate to bother you like this, but I don't know of any other way to get this old car started. Please honk when you get to the house."

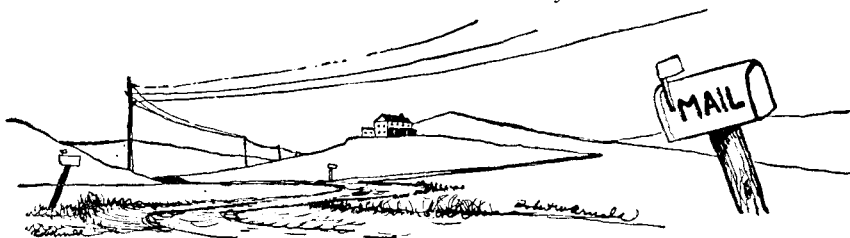
I turned off my rural mail route and drove a half mile down the lane to the farmhouse and honked. The farmer's wife rushed out and got into her car. I eased up in low gear as the bumpers met. After about eighty yards and a dozen hard bumps, her car backfired and roared away. She waved her thanks while I stepped on the gas trying to get back on schedule.

I seldom drive my 62-mile rural mail route without finding at least one note in the 300 mail boxes I serve. A man can't drive the same route and serve the same people year after year without growing to like them. And he finds himself doing little favors that the Post Office Department doesn't require him to do — and would rather he didn't do.

Often, I have left C.O.D. packages when the farmer's wife didn't have the money to pay for them. Why shouldn't I, when I knew the patron was trustworthy and would meet me the next day with the money? Thousands of rural mail carriers do things like that, knowing that if a Postal Inspector found out he would deliver a stern lecture. However, I don't believe many men who carry the mail obey regulations to the letter.

There isn't a patron on my route who hasn't helped me in one way or another. I have to carry the mail in all kinds of weather, six days a week, on roads that are at times almost impassable. Dozens of farmers have left warm firesides in zero weather to crank their tractors and pull my car out of a snowdrift or ditch. Many of them have driven me to town so I could buy a fan belt or some other needed part for my vehicle.

Being an arm amputee of World War II, I find it difficult to change a tire. I have many flats, but change few of them. Before I can jack up my car, some helpful boxholder comes along and takes over. Farm people are like that — they help their neighbors without thought of



pay. And, on the other hand, if they need a favor, they think nothing of asking.

LAST SUMMER, an old army friend came out for a visit. After riding the route with me he remarked, "I can see you like this job. But it's hard to imagine a decorated infantry officer delivering mail to a bunch of yokels."

I told him that rural people are far from dull. On the contrary, they are the most interesting group of people that I have ever known. On my route there are a score of men and women who gave up teaching to become farmers and farmers' wives.

Also on my route are a song composer, a published poet, and two fiction writers. Another man owns oil wells in Texas and could have — if he chose — a fine home in any city.

No, my job is far from dull. Who wouldn't chuckle to see some of the things I see every day? Recently, I reached in a mailbox and found a letter from a teen-age boy to his teen-age sweetheart. There was a note addressed to me on the back:

"Hurry, postman, do your duty.

Rush this to an Oklahoma cutie."

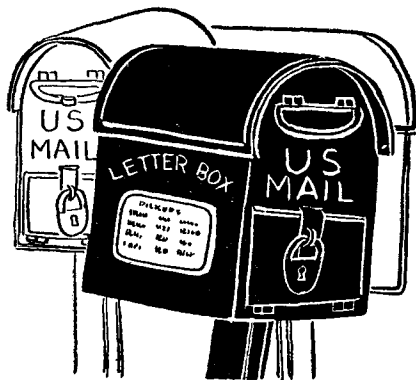
On summer days while driving my route, the air is so hot that my throat often feels as if I had been eating sand. That is when I am happy to find a note in a mailbox that reads, "If you have time, drive by the house and I will give you a dish of homemade ice cream." Others read like this, "How about some lemonade? There is a pitcherful in the icebox, if you have time to stop."

I seldom buy fresh fruits and vegetables in season. Almost daily I find tomatoes, turnips, okra, peaches, apples or other produce in mailboxes. Sometimes there is a note: "They are going to waste here. Thought you would like some."

The most frequent note found in a mailbox goes something like this, "If we have a package today, will you please put it in the house? We will be gone all day and are afraid the dog will tear it up, or it will rain before we will return. Thanks."

A rural postman who does only what the Postal Regulations require of him must lead a dull life. Personally, I like being a neighbor as well as a postman.

Letters to the Editor



» Thank you for the article “Fifty Million Americans in Search of a Party” by John T. Flynn in your February issue. It is a tragic situation when millions of patriotic Americans have no way to express their patriotic beliefs except by negation — that is, by either voting against someone or not voting at all.

It is nearly as tragic as that of a totalitarian state where under the guise of so-called elections the voters can vote for only one party. Here under a system of free elections the electorate supposedly can choose a party, but in fact the voters are given no choice at all because there is little difference between the aims of either party as they stand today.

Our elections have become a question of the personalities of the candidates instead of the fundamental principles of government involved.

In spite of what the so-called politicians and Presidential advisors might think, there are still millions of Americans who do not admire middle-of-the-roads, straddlers, or jellyfish leaders.

There was a time in our country, for instance, when to say that the United States desired something *meant* something. It meant the courage of conviction

instead of the cowardice of compromises.

There was a time when the American government did not deal with criminals or dishonest governments, much less be part of pleading with them for justice.

There was a time:

— when American soldiers were not left at the mercy of the judgment of foreign courts but were guaranteed, if they had committed a misdemeanor, a fair trial by a jury of their peers under the Constitution.

— when the United States of America had a stable currency and its citizens could plan and save for the future, in a true sense of security.

— when those who worked the hardest and saved the most did not pay a penalty for their initiative and thrift through heavy punitive taxation.

— when our republic proudly balanced the national budget and prospered under a sound economic system.

— when people didn’t work as little as possible for as much money as possible.

— when schools started the day with a prayer, with the singing of “America” and with the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag.

— when children were taught American history in a way that gave them pride in their country.

— when the rights of the states were protected, and not encroached upon by an overpowering Federal government.

Yes, there was a time when we had fearless patriots, strong and wise statesmen and daring politicians.

Today there are plenty of critics of the present situation; there are many who repeatedly point out the dangers of our present trend towards socialism and internationalism. But where are those willing to sacrifice a career, a political office and even a good name to stand for a belief and to lead our people out of this impasse?

Who are the patriots of today worthy of the patriots of the past, willing to risk their position and reputation to finally advocate a new political party, free of Marxist entanglements, and give to millions of voters their pride in voting once again for something?

"New Deal," "Fair Deal," "Progressive Moderates" are not what the American people really want any more — at least those who can still think for themselves in spite of contamination and brainwashing.

This is our last chance. May God help us and give us some Americans, proud, strong, and politically courageous, who can lead us and give us what Americans have always believed in — a Square Deal!

SUZANNE SILVERCRUYS STEVENSON
Founder of the Minute Women
of the U.S.A., Inc.

» I have just finished reading in your magazine one of the most slanderous and untrue attacks ever made upon the New Deal and, if you please, the two

party system itself. I am referring to the ridiculous article by John T. Flynn in your February issue entitled "Fifty Million Americans in Search of a Party."

Mr. Flynn has made some technical errors as well as theoretical errors. Mr. Flynn states that in 1937 President Roosevelt brought into the government the conception of a public debt. This is false. America has had a public debt since 1791, when it was \$75. I have ascertained this information from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Volume 16, Page 140, and Table 1.

Mr. Flynn states that Abraham Lincoln was the Republican Party's first candidate, in 1860. This is absolutely false. The Republican Party nominated Col. John C. Fremont of California for President and William L. Dayton for Vice-President in 1856 . . .

I challenge Mr. Flynn to name any A.D.A. leader who is a Communist and *prove* it. This also applies to the Democratic Party leaders.

Mr. Flynn has slanderously attacked the New Deal, the most ambitious and most successful experiment for economic safety and stability in our history. Mr. Flynn, perhaps, has forgotten how Senator McCarthy beat Robert LaFollette in Wisconsin for the Republican nomination with the help of 50,000 Communist votes . . .

Mr. Flynn's conception of a responsible party is utterly ridiculous. Mr. Flynn, the right-wing type are dangerous to America's way of life and safety. There is no room, Mr. Flynn, for right-wingers in America. They're dangerous. We don't want them and we don't need them.

STEPHEN MIRON
Jamaica Estates, New York



LOOK WHO'S HERE!

By J. Anthony Marcus

WHEN the late Andrei Vishinsky, representative of the Communist animal farm, recently returned to New York for the last time to perform his verbal acrobatic stunts on the United Nations' arena, our newspaper boys thought they had something new. Millions of our people read about their "discovery." They hastened to inform us that Andrei must be in the good graces of the new big-wigs in the Soviet animal farm. He had been permitted to bring his wife and daughter to the land of the "hated capitalists." No longer was he required to leave his family as hostages to insure his proper behavior.

It now appears that their assumption was all wrong. There never was any cause for the bosses of the Soviet zoo to worry about Andrei's loyalty. Facts have just come to light to prove this conclusively.

Not so many months ago a defector

from the "fatherland of socialism" arrived in this country. His name is Vasilyevsky. But there were no newspapermen to interview him. Vasilyevsky had been one of the untold millions now in chains in the "land of plenty" — plenty of misery, oppression, governmental murder, inhuman exploitation, spies, and lies without end about the motives and actions of our country. Our newcomer was one of those tens of millions of Communist victims who would brave the Atlantic in rowboats to reach our blessed shores. Vasilyevsky is one of the tens of millions of Russians who have never recognized the Soviet regime, and never will, even though the late President Roosevelt did to our everlasting shame.

Upon arrival in New York, one of Vasilyevsky's desires was to see the United Nations headquarters, to visit the buildings where peace was

to be made permanent, where human rights were to be defended, where aggressor governments like the one now headed by Bulganin, Khrushchev, Molotov and company would be curbed and punished.

One day our future American citizen betook himself there. The long distance from the Bronx he made on foot, to save the 15-cent fare. He was a bit timid of getting too close to the main building. At the nearest corner he stopped to watch limousines drive up to the main entrance, bringing representatives of the member nations to carry on the work which the Kremlin is determined to wreck.

SUDDENLY, a luxurious limousine arrived. The chauffeur hurried to open the door. Vasilyevsky recognized the bespectacled, moustached, grey-haired man who came out first. No Russian could ever fail to recognize him, still less to forget the horrors he had brought to thousands of families in his native land. Andrei Vishinsky, the former Menshevik, who had become Stalin's most merciless executioner, had arrived at the UN building to hurl his invectives and false accusations against the people and government of the United States, to forward his government's goal of destroying the United Nations from within.

Instead of walking towards the entrance, Vishinsky stretched out his hand to help someone out of the car. An attractive woman emerged,

leaning on his arm. Vasilyevsky felt his heart stop. He knew the woman! And with that knowledge, bitter memories flashed through his mind. . . .

He recalled the year 1933 in Mytish-ch, near Moscow. Times were very hard. The country was rocking from the barbaric effects of forcible collectivization of agriculture. The Soviet government had just promulgated the decree of August 8, 1932, dealing with "theft of Socialist property." The new edict was being enforced with the utmost severity and cruelty. "Crimes" multiplied; "cases" in the prosecutor's office mushroomed; and the number of "criminals" mounted to millions. For a collective farmer to take home from the farm five pounds of potatoes, a quart of milk or a few pounds of grain to feed his starving family, the government had a "case" against the taker. It usually ended with a sentence of three to five years of hard labor in a slave labor camp.

Vasilyevsky was then employed by the Food Administration, shipping milk and dairy products to Moscow. The milk was delivered, or, more accurately, taken from the collective farms and the remaining few individual farmers by force, shipped to the dairy plant in Mitish-ch to be processed into butter and other products.

One of Vasilyevsky's good friends, a peasant, Timosha Ovodov, father of four little ones, was em-

ployed in the Mitish-ch dairy. In his home, if one could call his hovel that, his family was literally starving. So he devised a plan to relieve their hunger. He spread butter on his shirt and underwear, also wiped his butter-covered hands on them. At home he placed the garments into boiling water. The fat rose to the surface and he got a few ounces of it with which to fix some soup for the children or fry onions for himself and his wife.

The plan worked for a while. But he was caught. A case for "stealing Socialist property" was handed over to the prosecutor. Timosha was arrested.

Frightened to death, his wife Lookeya ran to Vasilyevsky. "Help, comrade! Help save my husband and my children!" she cried holding her youngest child in her arms.

Vasilyevsky was fully aware of the fact that "in the most happy land of the universe," it was dangerous to intervene in behalf of a friend caught in the secret police net. But how could he ignore the pleas of Timosha's wife? He went to see the prosecutor. At the desk stood a young, attractive, tastefully attired girl talking on the telephone. Vasilyevsky knew her. They used to exchange affectionate glances when passing on the street. He liked her very much, and it was evident that she too liked him. A few days before Timosha's arrest, they had become acquainted. They talked long and laughed much. They then decided

to meet again in the club the following "*vikhodnoi*" — the day off. In Communist Russia there are no Sundays, just days off.

Fate, however, had willed that they should meet sooner. She recognized him and asked him to be seated. "Comrade, have you come to me? You could have waited until *vikhodnoi*, as planned," she remarked in her usual coquettish manner.

"I have an urgent matter," Vasilyevsky replied. The longer he spoke the more the prosecutor's face changed. It soon became icy. Between the two apparently infatuated youths, a wall of estrangement arose. The attractive flirt was no more. Facing him was a cold, heartless representative of so-called "Soviet justice" — the Vishinsky variety.

"COMRADE," she spoke dryly, "I would advise you not to intervene in matters which do not concern you personally. The Soviet Government knows what it is doing."

There was nothing left for him to do but leave. A few days later he learned that Timosha had been sentenced to ten years "for stealing Socialist property." Hundreds of peasants and workers in Mitish-ch region received similar sentences. They all disappeared behind the barbed wire fences of the slave labor camps.

Shortly thereafter, the "comrade prosecutor" was transferred to Moscow. The job of destroying families

she had done well. The leaders of the Soviet animal farm rewarded her with a post closer to the seat of power — the Kremlin.

In due time Vasilyevsky too was caught in the web. He was exiled to the Polar region for five years. After a 12-hour day of exhausting labor he was standing in line to receive his food. "Petroosha!" he heard someone calling him. He turned around to face a veritable skeleton, ragged with overgrown beard. Only the once-jovial blue eyes were still there, but their brightness had gone. He did not recognize him. "Have you forgotten me?" the stranger asked. "I am Timosha from Mitish-ch." Tears came to Vasilyevsky's eyes. As he approached Timosha he found himself speechless. He could only stare into the lifeless blue eyes of his broken-down friend. . . .

About two months later, in an uncovered sleigh filled with other corpses, Timosha's cold body was carried away to a mass grave. The Kremlin's will had been fulfilled. . . .

And now in New York our newcomer ran into "comrade prosecutor." It was she, Zinaida Vishinskaya, who had stepped out of the luxurious limousine, accompanied by her father, Andrei. Just as her father had built his featherbed by sending hundreds of thousands of freedom-loving Russians to their doom, so did Zina earn the trust of the Kremlin masters by destroying those who would not bow to the cruel dictates of the world's biggest murder gang.

Recovering from the shock of meeting Zinaida Vishinskaya, Vasilyevsky ran to see an American friend. Trembling, he sank into a chair to regain his composure. Haltingly, he related the encounter. Suddenly he rose, and, with eyes flashing, he spoke his mind:

"WHY, oh why, does America permit such people to tread its sacred soil? Why does your government admit Communists whose hands are dripping with the blood of millions of peace and freedom-loving people like yourselves? The members of the Soviet UN delegation, as well as of all the satellites and their embassies, are associates of a gang of international murderers, thieves, counterfeiters, kidnappers, and mischiefmakers. They are members of the Soviet conspiracy to rob you of your freedoms, your homes, your fortunes, and your very lives. They are here not to help build lasting world peace but to nullify all your efforts to bring about such a happy state of affairs.

"Are you Americans blind or asleep? Don't you understand the tactics and goals of these brigands? What is wrong with your educators, your thinkers, your writers, your statesmen, your clergymen, and your intellectuals? Don't they want to understand the true aims of the Communist aggressors? Apparently not!

"And if your educators, editors, legislators, and government officials

can go no better than heretofore, then, for God's sake, for the sake of your innocent children who will some day be called upon to shed their blood for your present inexcusable mistakes, *give us, recent escapees from the Kremlin inferno, a chance to enlighten you. Let us teach you how to help the Russian people destroy our common enemy without the shedding of American blood, without bankrupting your economy!*"

Vasilyevsky did not wait for his friend's comment. He rushed out into the street and vanished, leaving his American friend steeped in deep thought. He had just heard the true voice of the Russian people.

FACTS about child slave labor in Russia are unknown to the American public. The enslavement of Soviet women has yet to be exposed. The plight of disabled war veterans, the former comrades in arms of our own veterans, remains a mystery. The inhuman exploitation of the agricultural slaves has never been revealed to our public. And yet this and more should be laid bare before the intelligent American public because the Communist hurricane is destined to come to all free nations unless we do something about it. But some of those who stand in the way of enlightening our public seem to suffer from the delusion that to lay bare all those facts might "frighten" our people. That's why our pockets are being picked to the tune of tens of billions of dollars an-

nually by the Kremlin's invisible hand; that's why tens of thousands of Americans have been slaughtered and maimed by a Soviet-engineered Korean war; that's why the future we face holds nothing more hopeful than to see more of our sweat and toil go down the drain in an effort to prop up wavering allies without idealism, guts or conscience; that's why a swarm of incompetent bureaucrats can think of nothing better than having our America become the wet-nurse to the whole world.

With tens of thousands of Soviet escapees and "non-returners," who know from bitter personal experience what Communism in practice means, ready and willing to help, there is no moral reason why they should not be encouraged to help us wage a psychological war which will prevent a shooting war. *But first of all they should be harnessed to educate our educators*, those who bear the greatest share of blame for the appalling ignorance which has brought us to our present impasse.

The Kremlin goal cannot, will not be changed. Our salvation lies in cementing a bond of friendship with the enslaved and exploited Russian masses over the heads of their rulers.

Let us remember this basic tenet of Leninism: "It would not matter one jot if three-quarters of the human race were destroyed; the important thing is that the surviving quarter should be Communist."

This is the prospect the Christian world is facing.



HEARD ON THE PARTY LINE



By Howard Rushmore

THE head-in-the-sand school of political philosophers and commentators who argue at length that domestic Communism is a dead pigeon recently received a jolt from the conspiracy's well-oiled propaganda front.

And the comrades who guided the project chortled in their beards when such advocates of capitalism as Macy's department store and the *New York Times*, joined hands to assure success of a Communist LP recording ridiculing Congressional probes of the local Moscow mob.

The record is, "The Investigator," and the author is Reuben Shipp, a Hollywood writer who, in 1951, retreated behind the Fifth Amendment when asked by the House Un-American Activities Committee if he was a Communist. Subsequent witnesses nailed Gaspodin Shipp as a tovarish, and the Immigration authorities hustled Reuben back to his native Canada.

From this safe point, Comrade Shipp turned out a play, attacking Congressional probes, with the chief character and villain obviously none other than Senator McCarthy. Within a few weeks, an American firm calling itself "B&C Record-

ing" cut many thousands of copies of the play; and Jack Gould, the *New York Times* radio-TV critic, gave the production a rousing send-off by hinting that President Eisenhower had heard and enjoyed the record.

The LP version of Shipp's attack on McCarthy went on sale at Macy's and other stores immediately at \$5.95 per record and the *Daily Worker*, triumphantly predicting 100,000 sales, quoted Macy's record department as saying the propaganda was "selling very well."

The *New York Post*, whose editor is one-time Young Communist League official James Wechsler, added its bit with Jay Nelson Tuck, the paper's radio critic, trumpeting that the recording "may give U.S. listeners some idea of what the timidity of the broadcaster is costing us."

After reports of mounting sales were received at the Reds' headquarters, the comrades promptly sent their other writers scurrying about for other plots suitable for recording.

After all, with the *Times* and Macy's boosting sales, future productions can't miss.

OUR INEXPENSIVE



Schools



BY ALMA WOHLGEMUTH

TAKE \$230 — what could you do with it? Rather, what *would* you do with it? Buy a fur coat, or venetian blinds, or a television set? Or would you use it as a down payment on a bigger car, a finer house, or a trip to the Virgin Islands? Naturally, \$230 wouldn't take you very far on such ventures; but that amount has been paying for one child's education during one school year in an average public school of our nation. And still the opposition to the raising of school funds is overwhelming.

The city of Pittsburgh is an example of an area which recently registered such opposition. Two cents a day would have been the average home owner's additional tax in that city if the citizens had not voted down the proposed tax increase on October 6, 1953. In these days of inflation and threats to democracy and rising school enrollment, 34 per cent of the voters went to the polls and voted four to one against raising any more money for the schools. The other 66 per cent

stayed away and let them do it.

Pittsburgh is the city which is modernizing its downtown section by constructing skyscrapers, city parks, and miles of beautiful drives. At the famous "Point" rise gallant structures of aluminum and glass that dazzle even a twentieth-century visitor accustomed to dazzling sights. But Pittsburgh has nothing like this for its children. This is the city which is still using a school building built before the Civil War. Another of Pittsburgh's school buildings is 85 years old, and several others have passed the age of 75. One building was condemned recently because it was in imminent danger of collapsing.

The Pittsburgh School Board tried to improve the situation, but because its members are appointed, not elected, they have no power to levy taxes. As property tax for school purposes in Pittsburgh had been frozen in 1940 to a maximum of 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ mills, the board appealed to the state legislature to go above that maximum, but legislators threw the

problem into the laps of the people. A referendum vote was authorized. The ultimatum of October 6th was the result. The voters, who rarely have an opportunity of expressing themselves directly on any kind of tax, voted a great big NO to a raised school tax. That is, the ones who voted said NO. The 66 per cent who stayed at home didn't say anything. Apparently they weren't interested.

IT HAS been suggested that the vote was a general reaction to taxes, rather than an expression of hostility toward schools. Others who would defend the vote of October 6, refer to mysterious "hidden taxes," which they say are already paying much into the school fund. Anyone who cares to read the report of the Board of Education can very easily bring these taxes out of their "hide-outs." Per capita tax (\$5 per person per year) brings in 7.9 per cent of the school revenue, while mercantile, personal property, and miscellaneous taxes each add a still smaller portion to the school fund. A sizable amount is donated by the state in the form of a subsidy. But the greater portion, or 52.3 per cent, of the tax comes from real estate.

What happened in Pittsburgh is happening all over the country, only not so dramatically. Usually the general feeling of opposition has become such a well-defined undercurrent of hostility that the situation is prevented from coming to a head.

So far, very few areas have had such a challenge as the one faced in Pittsburgh. That city had a chance to get its feelings down in black and white. The record is there for the world to see. Economy in Pittsburgh obviously starts with education. But what is not clear, not only to Pittsburghers, but to most of the nation's people, is that "economy" on school costs is not economy at all.

Let us see how much of the school cost is borne by the average taxpayer in that area. There the school tax on a house with a sales value of \$10,000 is now \$117.50. Assessments are based on 53 per cent of the sales value. If the increase had been voted, the owner would have paid eight dollars a year, or two cents a day more. That would not cover the cost of educating even one of his children. Does the average taxpayer really have cause for complaint?

Yet grumbling is the order of the day when tax notices appear. I remember Jim Selby's reaction a few weeks ago. Jim is a good fellow, an ordinary guy trying to support a family of four on a \$3,500 a year salary. He does have a time making ends meet.

The day the school tax notice arrived, Jim was tired and cross when he came home from work. When he picked up the day's mail, he certainly didn't get any happier. He knew he was bound to get those bills sooner or later, but that didn't diminish his exasperation.

"What's this?" he yelled. "School taxes up ten mills! We can't pay such taxes! Somebody's going to have to do something about this! What good are we getting out of our schools, anyway?"

THE EVENING was filled with snortings and complainings until his wife made up a budget that showed him the year's expenditures for other things, and opposite that his tax bill. After that, Jim was silent. He spent the rest of the evening smoking thoughtfully.

Yes, the money that is now being put into education is pitifully small compared with what we are putting into almost everything else. It is on national record that even less than \$230 is being spent each year on each child in certain areas. It is pretty generally known that the record of liquor and tobacco sales amounts to three times as much as the money that is being put into education. Also, expensive cars, expensive furniture, smart clothes, homes equipped with complete, up-to-date modern fixtures and furnishings, run into the thousands of dollars, while education is a mere \$230 per child.

Consider Pop's salary. It has been going up for the last ten years. In 1940, when Pop's income was added to that of millions of others, the national income was found to be about \$81 billions. Ten years later it had more than doubled, having risen to \$239 billions. Dur-

ing those ten years, however, the percentage spent for education had been dropping. A little over 2 per cent of the national income was going into education in 1950, while the price of everything was going up.

That means that the cost of education was going up. In a little over ten years the price of a gross of pencils went from 70¢ to \$1.63. Book costs tripled. In Pittsburgh, coal to heat the school buildings went from \$3.70 a ton to \$8.40. All other school supplies everywhere in the country went up accordingly. It costs something to operate a building where the children spend almost half of their waking hours. It costs more now than it did before inflation began. Yet a smaller per cent of the national income is there to help pay the bill.

At the same time that the supply of money available for education is shrinking, the school population is expanding. Last year in the nation's elementary schools alone there were one and one-half million more children than in the year before. It is estimated that by 1960 there will be 10,000,000 more children in schools than there are today.

Almost anyone can point at present to a school where children are attending half-day sessions in order that they may attend school at all. More common than the half-day session is the overcrowded classroom. In a National Education Association survey of 526 urban districts repre-

senting all types of areas classified as to size, it was shown that over two-thirds of all elementary pupils were in classes in which there were more than 30. People don't have to be educators to know that there is greatest opportunity in a class which contains no more than 25 pupils. Yet even in more privileged districts, overcrowding is the rule. Until enough money can be raised for school purposes, overcrowding will continue to rob our children.

Large classrooms and short sessions have been accepted by our people for a long time, and many, even the intelligent persons, have given the situation little thought. They have been loud in their objections to taxes, but silent about school conditions. But listen to what expert psychiatric opinion gives us—Dr. Benjamin Spock, of the Western Pennsylvania Psychiatric Institute, professor of Child Development in the Bureau of Psychology at the University of Pittsburgh, said:

"Any district which allows itself to have classrooms housing 40 children is contributing to the problem of the general trend toward juvenile delinquency."

Dr. Spock was referring to a problem which should really cause the taxpayer some concern. Two hundred and thirty dollars looks small when it is considered that to catch, convict, and imprison a delinquent for three years costs as much as a high school and college

education combined. At the present time everyone is paying three times as much for crime as he is for public education. To give the schools a chance to help adjust this situation there must be time to give each child more personal supervision. This can come only through smaller classes and more classrooms.

Proof that delinquency is rising is seen in the report that from 1948 to 1952 it increased 19 per cent. Instead of the \$230 per pupil per year for education, the cost of placing each youth in correctional institutions is about \$2,500 per year.

WHAT do the taxpayers expect the schools to subsist upon? If the \$230 a year average cost per pupil is divided by 180, the number of days in a school year, they will realize that it now costs only an average of \$1.28 a day to educate one child.

President Eisenhower, in his State of the Union address in January, 1954, said: "Youth, our greatest national resource, is being seriously neglected in a vital respect. The nation as a whole is not preparing teachers or building schools fast enough to keep up with the increase in our population."

All over the nation there is anxiety about schools. Yet too often comes the thoughtless reaction:

"Thumbs down on a two-cent-a-day raise. We'd rather spend our money elsewhere."



We Don't Have Any Trouble Loving Them

BY DOLLY CONNELLY

THE PART-INDIAN child had an ugly record as an incorrigible runaway. He sat on the bed watching Mrs. Peter Hauser put his handful of possessions into order. At last she tucked a battered weekend case under his bed and turned to him, her big face gentle with understanding.

"You see, Terry, if you should run away from me I'd worry right through the night about you, wondering if you had enough to eat and were warm and snug. So we'll put this bag right under your bed, and whenever you take a notion that you'd like to wander, you just come to me first. We'll pack up plenty to eat and a jacket, and then I won't have to fret."

Young Terry never ran away again. Within two months Ella Mae Hauser, expert in the fine art of handling children of desperate circumstances, could add to Terry's page in her thick record book, "Adjusted — ready for permanent placement."

"Sometimes I believe the Lord

tells me exactly what to say to them," is her explanation of a remarkable record with more than sixty foster children brought to her interim home by the Child Welfare Unit of the Washington State Department of Public Assistance, the Juvenile Court, the police, sheriff, and Catholic Charities of Bellingham, Washington.

Home — even if it is a very bad one in which he is mistreated — is the very center of a child's security. Separation from it in the midst of family crises, or one of his own making, is a terrible experience. It is at this moment of emotional disturbance that the Hausers open their doors to children of any race, creed, or color.

The foster relationship is not a permanent one. A hundred variations of trouble can make it impossible for parents to care for their own children. Only a small quota of foster children are abandoned, or wards of a juvenile court which has decided that a change of environment is necessary to make good citizens of

potential delinquents. Finding exactly the right permanent foster home for such children is a time-consuming, exhaustive business. The interim home, the front line of child rehabilitation, meets the immediate crisis, caring for children from periods ranging from a night to years. During this stage, thorough physical examinations are carried out, including checks of hearing and vision and any necessary dental work. At the end of his interim period, the child has revealed enough of his personality and needs to enable observant child welfare workers to place him "permanently" with some assurance of success.

The universal, urgent need of every foster child is not only unwavering confidence in the goodness of those who have taken him in, but belief in his own right to take up breathing space in the world. The natural gift of the Hausers is the ability to see the good in any child.

THERE'S always a houseful at the Hausers. "We run a foster home for their pets, too," explains Pete Hauser. Their own family of four, David, 5, Beverly, 13, Frances, 17, and Pat, 19, may be augmented by anywhere from two to eight foster children, each with an individual bed in the four big rooms upstairs of the comfortable old house.

Evenings are very like a continual house party, with up to a dozen children participating in group entertainment. Games, music, stories, and resourceful play-making soon bring the shyest child into a feeling of solidarity. In the month of June, if there are no infants among her brood, Mrs. Hauser drives a bus for one of the big commercial strawberry fields in upper Whatcom County and supervises a neighborhood harvesting crew of 50 or more at the month-long chore of picking.

"Nothing gives a teen-age boy more confidence than discovering that he can earn as much as \$8.00 a day.

Strawberry season is our big family holiday — with a lesson in it. An aura of urgency in food harvesting lends importance to the work, creating a team atmosphere. It's a job that must be done well, to the best of one's ability," explains Mrs. Hauser.

This same united front in purposeful activity is a helpful by-product of the Hauser household participation in Bellingham's Ground Observer Corps. Scanning the skies from the roof of the tall Courthouse with her teen-agers in tow, Mrs. Hauser finds the quiet, star-studded nights give opportunity for the confiding talk these children need. She makes time in every day to center



her exclusive attention on each child, even if just for a few minutes. She never allows private speculation about the parental neglect that wreaks such havoc in children. If she did, even her vast resources of energies would be exhausted in useless fury. "A child is a child. I start with him and go on from there," she explains.

OFTEN a warm atmosphere will create the miracle of bringing up to normalcy a child who appears mentally retarded. Charles was ten months old when he came to the Hausers, a thoroughly unlovely baby with hanging mouth, dull eyes and a frightening lack of interest in his surroundings. In his earliest infancy he'd undergone abdominal surgery of a serious nature. Thereafter, though he was wholly recovered, his mother was afraid to handle him or to feed him anything but his baby bottle. Charles had lain silent in his basket day in and day out, never bounced or tickled or kissed or rumbled or rocked. The Hauser method was to treat him as a normal child, introducing him to a wide variety of foods, to Peter Hauser's lap in the kitchen rocking chair and to all the fondling an infant lives by.

"It isn't only food," Ella Mae Hauser cautions. She carried the baby with her wherever she went, from task to task, out in the sunny yard while she hung the wash, beside the stove as she cooked. She never stopped friendly "conversation,"

and sought out opportunities to broaden his experience with everything from fluffy kittens to nested blocks. In two months Charles had advanced as far along as any year-old. He crept, he pulled himself up and tried to walk, he chattered a streak of baby words and explored his new-found world of wonders with an inquisitive index finger. His features became alert and appealing.

A background as an experienced nurse proves invaluable in the care of many of the infants who come Mrs. Hauser's way. Doctors have learned to bounce when she phones, and have told her that she has a twenty-four-hour jump on any illness that comes along.

One Sunday evening five children were brought by police officers between six and ten o'clock. They hadn't been washed or fed since the morning of the day before. In this case the children's mother had sought aid in locating her husband, off on an alcoholic tear with their five little children in his car. The first arrival, a year-and-a-half old boy, wouldn't talk or tell his name, but grinned happily as the Hausers treated him to the hot bath he needed so desperately, and began feeding him with toast soaked in milk. He'd just been tucked in bed when Joe Wise, Chief Probation Officer, phoned and asked, "Got room for some more?"

In minutes four more young children descended upon the Hausers, two boys and two small girls, all just

as dirty and just as hungry as their brother. The whole family pitched in to get them bathed, fed, and tucked warmly in clean beds.

The children were returned to their own home when the father's binge had run its sorry course. The Bellingham Juvenile Court maintains supervised quarters suitable for temporary custody of older children, but has no facilities for the very young. Police place children directly in interim homes only in such emergencies, or in Child Welfare's off hours.

THERE'S a far greater sense of accomplishment in putting weight on malnourished children and bringing laughter to their voices than in keeping the kitchen floor well scrubbed. Mrs. Hauser has had to learn to keep a tight rein on her natural inclination toward immaculate housekeeping.

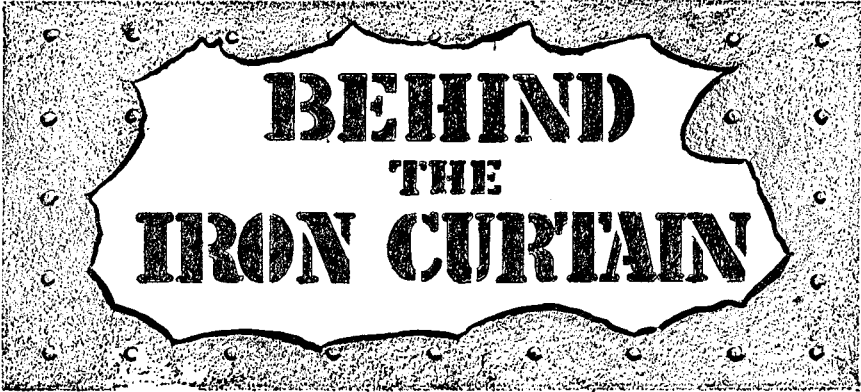
"First things come first," she notes. "You can't keep it all picked up all the time with twelve children in the house!" Strangely enough, cooking has proven no particular burden. To her, it's just as easy to pot roast an eight-pound cut of beef as an eight ounce, to make ten dozen cookies as to make one. She cooks nearly one hundred pounds of potatoes a week, bakes bread in eight-loaf batches every other day, pies and cakes four at a clip. A quart of milk for each child is delivered daily, meat purchased in halves and quarters which are then cut in meal

portions and stored in freezing lockers. Careful quantity buying and wise management keep food costs within the allowance for interim care for foster children. The greatest housekeeping problem is the steady flow of ironing, the great bundles of school shirts and dresses that are somehow surmounted with evening work and the girls' help. As much of Mr. Hauser's work in Bellingham's plywood plant is on night shifts, he assists in a hundred ways, from repairing wheel toys to the heavier housework.

Interim care is financed by the state at a different rate from permanent foster care. Washington allows its interim parents \$2.50 per day per child, regardless of age. From this sum must come the cost of school supplies, an occasional movie, a small allowance, perhaps toys, as well as ordinary living costs and that troublesome item, furniture replacement!

If the child is in need of clothing, Child Welfare will outfit him. His medical and dental needs are met, and the cost of his medicines. If a generous table is set and a comfortable standard of living maintained, as it is at the Hausers, the foster home will break even with little to spare.

The award for such work is spiritual rather than material. It is found in the trust and faith of a child who comes to his foster parents after a few months and asks, "Please, may I stay with you always?"



BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

Moscow Against Europe: ✓ *The Red Anti-NATO*

By **ALAN SET**

THE first official announcement that the U.S.S.R. intends to create a Red treaty organization similar to the Western NATO came only last December, when the representatives of all the Soviet satellites were summoned to Moscow to be briefed on how to counter the Western decision to arm the German Federal Republic. A few weeks later, another conference was called at Prague. Parliamentarians of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the German Democratic Republic gathered there to begin implementing the orders given to them in the Soviet capital. They

stated in a joint communiqué that their three countries "are immediately threatened by the rebirth of a revenge-seeking Wehrmacht, and are therefore determined to strengthen their cooperation in all fields and to help one another mutually."

More manifestations of the same kind were to follow, perhaps the most expressive of them being a speech by Johannes Dieckmann, Chairman of the East German People's Chamber, who, in mid-January, made a statement announcing the formation of an East Ger-

many-Poland-Czechoslovakia Axis.

Behind this political window dressing, the actual work had, by that time, almost been completed on a quite different level. The armed forces of Russia's seven European satellites, including the Internal Security Forces and the Border Guards, numbered between 1,800,000 and 2,000,000 perfectly trained men. The regular armies alone were 86 divisions strong, 15 to 17 of them armored and, thanks to the very efficient mobilization system, ready to be expanded to 140 divisions within 30 days.

Even taking into account that an average satellite division is only about 10,000 men strong, this represents, from the numerical point of view, a formidable force by itself, comparable to the over-all strength of Western Europe, including its 46 NATO divisions.

And behind the East European satellites there are 175 Soviet divisions, 82 of them stationed in Western Russia and in the Eastern European countries, perhaps half of them equipped with tanks and motorized transport.

Let us now take a close look at the military establishment of East Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, the three countries which, as a result of Moscow's latest bright idea, are now being masqueraded in the shining armor of the defenders of a Europe threatened by the rebirth of a powerful, revenge-seeking Wehrmacht.

The German Democratic Republic

According to Moscow, East Germany of course has no armed forces of her own. There are — so it is said — the 22 Soviet divisions which occupy the zone, a local police to assure public order, some German frontier guards, and this is all. Yet the fact is that, camouflaged under the name of K.V.P. (Garrisoned People's Police) the East German Army is today, after four years of intensive build-up, at least 130,000 men strong, with 20,000 more men in the air force and the navy. These forces have nothing to do with maintaining public order, for which a genuine, though Russian-style, civil police is responsible, the so-called Schutzpolizei, some 100,000 men strong.

The K.V.P., or East German Army, is probably the most secret military establishment in the world. In spite of the proximity of the West and the fact that some refugees from the Democratic Republic are every day crossing the frontier, more is known about the Polish army, or even the Bulgarian one, than about this strange masterpiece of Soviet military thinking. The K.V.P. men, while out of their barracks or on the move across the country, do not wear their badges, which are their only distinction from the Russians. While on their way, they are not allowed to talk to the population, and all the heavy weapons are covered with canvas. For

the slightest indiscretion, a soldier risks the penalty of death. The little we know, however, is sufficient to prove that in the K.V.P. Russia has, at the door of the West, a very dangerous weapon devised for the destruction of Europe.

At present the K.V.P. has seven or eight complete divisions, at least one of them armored, divided into two groups, the Northern one with headquarters in Pasewalk and the Southern in Leipzig. But what appears probably more significant than the actual number of units, is the accent placed on the development of cadres which, according to some estimates, by the end of last year were ready to take care of an army at least three times as large.

CONTRARY to what happens in most satellite countries, the K.V.P. is commanded not by Red Army men, but by German generals and officers, the Russians keeping to the functions of advisors and instructors. Of the some 50 generals, 10 won their fame in Hitler's Wehrmacht — among them, von Paulus and Hermann Rentsch — and 21 are veteran Communists — such as Heinz Hoffmann, who fought in the International Brigade in Spain. The officers corps numbers more than 20,000, mostly very young men, graduates of one of the several Soviet-type German military academies; but there are among them at least 3,000 former Nazi officers.

All over the K.V.P., Communist

indoctrination is very intensive and it appears to be strangely effective: the revolt of June, 1953, which brought mass defections from the Schutzpolizei did not seem to have affected the army. In spite of this, autumn, 1953, saw a thorough reorganization of the whole East German military establishment, from which all elements suspected of vacillation were dismissed and replaced by trusted Communists.

Most Western observers think that the East German army, created to help Russia conquer West Germany for Moscow's own benefit, can only be a failure.

This certainly sounds logical — and yet it is contradicted by many facts. For instance, is it not curious — to ask just a few questions as they come to mind — that while East German airmen have been trained, since 1953, to fly Soviet MIG's, not one of them ever tried to land with his jet in Western Germany, which certainly should not be more difficult than the feat accomplished by the two Poles who flew twice that distance to land on the island of Bornholm? Or that von Paulus took the pains of sending personal Christmas cards to his friends in West Germany, reminding them that it is only with Soviet help that Germany can be re-united? Or that the Russians are not at all afraid to leave in the hands of a German general an all-German Panzer division only some 40 miles from the British zone?

There is hardly a K.V.P. high-

ranking officer, including the former Nazis, who at one time or another did not publicly proclaim that the present Polish-German frontier is the only just and permanent "peace frontier" which could have been traced. Of course, this is at present the official Soviet viewpoint which one has to share if one wants to be on the safe side. But a statement, if incessantly repeated, ends by representing one's own belief, and so it is quite possible that for the new German Wehrmacht there is really no German-Polish territorial problem left to be worth thinking of.

It has been replaced by other problems, and particularly by the new vistas which the cooperation with the Soviet Union and with the Polish People's Republic and other satellites seems to open to the new Red Germany within a new and ever-expanding world empire, where a few hundred square miles do not count indeed. What we overlook too often in our appraisal of the events behind the Iron Curtain is that a revolution is going on there, shattering many a former axiom.

People's Republic of Poland

Poland is by far the strongest country militarily among all the Soviet European satellites. Including the police forces and border guards, it keeps perhaps 900,000 or more men under arms, about 450,000 of them in the regular army. Of the 24 Polish divisions, four are armored and four or more, fully motorized.

Among all the satellites, Poland alone has a relatively strong air force — 24 groups divided into eight air divisions. The Polish navy is now reduced to one destroyer, a couple of submarines and a few motor torpedo boats. The paramilitary civil militia numbers some 500,000 youths trained in the handling of rifles, mortars and hand grenades.

Among all the satellite countries, Poland is also the only one to have most of its military positions of command, from the C-in-C down to the regimental level, held by Russian officers masquerading in Polish uniforms. Until 1949, the Polish army had been under the supreme command of Marshal Rola-Zymierski, prewar Polish career officer turned Communist during the war, who tried to maintain the Polish character of his officers corps, then composed mainly of leaders of the underground Communist People's Army and a certain number of prewar professional men.

But in the fall of that year, the Soviet Ambassador to Warsaw, Lebedyev, called on President Bierut and instructed him to ask Moscow to release Marshal Rokossowski from his duties with the Red Army and to place him at the disposal of the Polish Government. The petition was promptly sent and soon thereafter the Polish-born and Polish-speaking Soviet hero of the Moscow and Stalingrad battles arrived in Warsaw and kindly accepted the title of Marshal of the Polish Peo-

ple's Republic. He immediately took the Polish military establishment into his iron hand and began its ruthless Sovietization. This alone seems to prove that while quantitatively strong, the Polish army is judged by Moscow to be one of the less reliable.

After five years of his rule, Rokossowski and his Polish-uniformed Russians continue to be immensely unpopular in the country. The Poles cannot forget that the Marshal was responsible for the destruction of their capital when in 1944 he looked impassively for 63 days from only a few miles away at Warsaw fighting a heroic battle against the Nazis, which, when the Russian help did not materialize, turned into utter disaster.

They recognize in Rokossowski's "Polish" officers the same men who, in 1939, stabbed Poland in the back while she was desperately battling against Hitler's armies. But sandwiched between the 22 Soviet divisions in East Germany and all the Red Armies of Russia proper, the Poles have no choice but to keep quiet — and this is all that Moscow for the time being seems to expect from them.

In spite of the strong anti-Russian feelings always alive in Poland, it would be risky to dismiss even today the 24 Polish divisions under Rokossowski's command as valueless to Moscow. For, anti-Russian though they are, the Poles remain anti-German, too. It was Hitler's Germany that brought upon them the

catastrophe they are still living through. And the always possible rebirth of the old German "Drang nach Osten" — drive to the East — this time perhaps with the connivance of the Western Powers, could rob the Poles of the sole compensation they got for their 5 million dead and all the unspeakable miseries: the lands on the Oder and Neisse, which they have rebuilt with their own hands and are decided never to lose again.

Far from being valueless to Moscow, the 24 Polish divisions present, in the new combination, a very important asset: with Russia herself staying in the background. West Germany, even before she has mobilized a single man, is held in check by the 31 or 32 divisions of Poland and East Germany.

People's Republic of Czechoslovakia

With respect to Germany, the Czechoslovaks have somewhat similar interests to the Poles. In 1945, they solved the old territorial dispute over the Sudetenland — a province of prewar Czechoslovakia which was inhabited mainly by Germans — by expelling some 3,000,000 Sudeten Germans and replacing them with Czech settlers. The bulk of the expellees — some 2,000,000 of them — went to the German Federal Republic, while about 800,000 found refuge in Communist East Germany.

While the latter do not contest the rights of Czechoslovakia to the

territory, those in West Germany, organized in the powerful National Union of Sudeten Expellees, maintain a noisy propaganda which reaches even the United States, demanding the return of the province to a future united and sovereign Germany. In their bulletins, they attack not only the present Communist regime, but also the prewar one of Masaryk and Beneš.

Though the only benefit the Poles obtained from Russia's victory in Eastern Europe was the recovery of lands on the Oder and Neisse which had belonged to them centuries ago, the only advantage the Czechs can see in the present political set-up is that it solves one of their most acute territorial problems. They, who certainly would consider it utterly senseless to fight for the interests of the Russian oppressors, look with a different eye at fighting in defense of the integrity of their country.

These feelings are again adroitly exploited by Moscow, which plays the part of the high protector of Czechoslovak territorial interests. The Communist German Democratic Republic is depicted here also as Czechoslovakia's natural ally, for its Communist government accepts the Czechization of the Sudetenland as a just and permanent solution. Communist-ruled Poland, bent on keeping Germany away from the old Slavonic lands, also appears in the guise of a natural ally.

And so, to the 31 or 32 divisions

of Poland and East Germany, we must add the Czechoslovak military establishment, which is pretty strong. Including the various security and police forces, Czechoslovakia has at present under arms at least half a million men, probably many more. Her regular army is 16 divisions strong, six of them armored and several fully motorized.

THIS, in broad lines, is the set-up of the Red Anti-NATO which Moscow has built to oppose Free Europe with the forces of enslaved Europe. The West European NATO armies are at present still only 46 divisions strong. If we add the Czechoslovak divisions to those of Poland and Eastern Germany, we get the figure of 47 or 48, with 22 Soviet divisions stationed in East Germany and 2 more stationed along the Polish communications lines — altogether some 72 divisions facing the 46 of the West. But this is not everything, because other satellite divisions in the rest of Russian-dominated European countries must also be counted, and there are 48 of them, to take only the most conservative figure — plus 6 Soviet divisions stationed in Austria, Hungary and Rumania. This brings us to a grand total of 125 divisions in the Soviet-controlled European countries alone, not counting Russia! A rather impressive statistic, isn't it?

With each passing year, Yalta becomes more and more the most astounding oversight of our times.



Take a Note, Mr. Jones...

BY PATRICIA GATLEY

It's a funny thing that, although countless articles have been published on how to be the Perfect Secretary, nobody seems to hand out any advice on how to be the Perfect Boss. Perhaps that accounts for the shortage.

During the five years I have worked for a secretarial agency I have been hired out to a large variety of business tycoons and I have come to the conclusion that there are as many inefficient, bad bosses as there are inefficient, bad secretaries. The difference is a secretary can be fired.

For instance, there's the type known to every secretary as the Sphinx. He behaves as though he got his training in some wartime cloak and dagger organization. He dashes in and out of the office, never saying when, where, or why. He hides letters which should be answered. He never divulges the name of his callers. In short, he refuses to let his right hand know what his left is doing.

The result is that his right hand — his suffering secretary — all the day has to keep up a steady stream of "I'm sorry, I don't know" to disbelieving inquirers of her boss' whereabouts and intentions, which makes the poor girl look either a liar or a fool and certainly doesn't help her to be efficient.

So take a note, Mr. Jones . . . when you go out of the office, please tell your secretary where you are going so that she can give an intelligent answer to anyone interested. If you don't want to say where you are going, at least tell her the time you will be back. And give her a list of the people you will and won't see, those you will and won't talk to on the telephone. This will save both your time and temper. But don't be too hard on her if she puts the wrong person through now and then.

Almost as bad to work for is The One Who Tells All. Now the effi-

cient secretary should know most of her boss' business. Usually she knows more than he does, but wisely sees to it that he remains ignorant of this fact. Every woman, too, has a natural curiosity and loves knowing extra-curricular details about anyone else.

But the secretary who is used as a Father Confessor totes a heavy load of worry and responsibility. She often knows so much about her employer's home life that she finds it downright embarrassing when she meets his wife at the firm's dinner-dance. She knows so much about his extra-marital life that the boss is a little uncomfortable at that meeting, too. Very soon, she is apt to find she has become involved in intrigue and intricacies on his behalf, and ends by knowing enough to hang him, which is pretty uncomfortable for them both.

So take a note, Mr. Jones . . . a good secretary prefers a boss who is too businesslike rather than too personal. Don't pour out your family history to her one day, and treat her as if you had never seen her before, the next. The ideal — which applies, incidentally, to every type of boss — is a businesslike attitude, tempered with pleasant friendliness and, when the occasion arises, sympathy and a sense of humor.



Then there's the Shy Young Man. He is nearly always fresh from col-

lege, generally a nephew of a friend of the managing director. He is terrified of the secretary assigned to him. He will, as a rule, mutter "Good Morning," blush deeply, and scurry to the sanctuary of his swivel chair behind the desk. So great is his fear that he cannot bring himself to dictate his letters, and for months his stenographer struggles along trying to decipher weird hieroglyphics scribbled on the backs of old envelopes.

She can, of course, by a subtle strategy of deliberately misreading these scrawls, finally break him of the habit. But to what purpose? He will then hiss his words of wisdom through teeth clenched on a pipe stem or cigar, so that an hour's dictation becomes one long sibilant session, or he will pace up and down the room so that one moment his voice is a boom and the next a mumble from the far corner, resulting in a continuous struggle with shorthand notes.

So take a note, Mr. Jones . . . a man must have his comforts but anything in the mouth is an impediment to good, clear dictation. If you keep a cigarette, cigar, or pipe in your mouth, don't be surprised if your letters arrive for your signature containing some extraordinary mistakes. If you don't dictate well, why not learn?

Tell her the letters which are urgent and should be done first, and if she makes a small mistake, mark it lightly with a pencil, so that if it

is possible to erase and correct on the typewriter she can do so without having to type the whole letter again.

Next is The Hustler. He insists on festooning his secretary's office with printed slogans shrieking "First Things First," "Do It Now," "Get On or Get Out," and other epigrams of the same order of originality. Her life will become attuned to buzzes given off in arranged code groupings from the infernal machine on his desk. One buzz means "Come in with your notebook." Two means "Come in without your notebook," or three, "Go home, I can't stand the sight of you."

So take a note, Mr. Jones . . . bluster and bombast do not make a successful boss. Buzzers are a necessary office evil, but go easy on them and take it for granted she will answer as quickly as she can. Don't dictate late in the afternoon. You know when you are going to stop and go home — she doesn't. And if you introduce any new system, give it more than a week to see if it works.

And at last we come to the least satisfactory boss from the secretary's point of view. The one we call the Touch Typist. This does not mean he has gone through the prelimi-

naries at business college, of tapping out "Now is the time for all good men" in time to a bleating phonograph record of "Old Black Joe." It means what it says. He touches his typist.

Every so often and so paternally he pats her on the knee. He is the man who prefaces an invitation to dinner while his wife is away visiting her sick mother with "I love my wife but . . ." and who subtly makes the girl feel her job is at stake if she doesn't become his little office playmate. This sort of boss is a small minority, but just in case . . .

Take a note, Mr. Jones . . . a girl can't give 100 per cent efficiency to a job if she is either trying to dodge her employer or if she is being encouraged to fall in love with him. It's a situation which can only bring trouble anyway if the boss is a married man. There's nothing like a clandestine office romance to cause gossip and a feeling of unrest and friction among the rest of the staff. Better by far to look for your love life from the ranks outside your own office. And, believe it or not, most white collar girls prefer this. Besides, it's very unsporting, for there's nothing more difficult for a girl than to turn down her boss.

The above, I think, are the outstanding types. But I can still pick lots more. There's a man who makes a point of extending his business

lunches until two minutes before five, when he rushes in, panting: "This won't take a minute, Miss Slogger." Whereupon Miss S. takes off her hat, prepares herself for one and a half hours' unpaid overtime, and resigns herself to another gap in her love life until she can find a boy friend who just loves to be stood up every time they've made a date.

There's the character who delights in arriving at the office at nine A.M. sharp (his usual time is ten) on the *one* morning that his secretary has come in at five minutes after nine. There's the Bohemian who makes his desk look like a January bargain basement five minutes after she's finished tidying it up. And the opposite extreme who shudders at the sight of a pinhead spot on his snow-white blotter.

There's the morning-after type who takes out his hangovers and nervous indigestion on his office staff, so that they soon get to know that a strip of band-aid on his face to mark the spot where the razor skidded that morning, indicates

"Stormy Weather" far more accurately than the weather bureau.

So take a final note, Mr. Jones . . . a verbal bouquet now and then is always pleasant and a stimulant to work harder. Let your secretary share in the excitement of any big job going through. When you ask her to do anything for you, ask her as you would any other woman not in your employment — politely. Encourage her to take responsibility. And when she makes a mistake, don't behave like a cat who has caught a mouse. Tell her, and have done with it, and remember that even secretaries have lives of their own and do not just crawl under the covers of their typewriters at the end of the day.

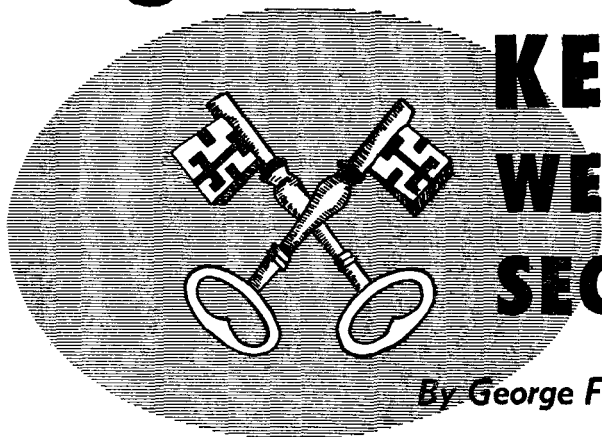
And to all you young women who aim to spend the next few years in offices, we would add a final word of cheer. Though the Perfect Boss is a rare specimen, he is to be found occasionally, and you are as likely to step into his office as any other ambitious young secretary.



All in the April evening,
 April airs were abroad,
 I saw the sheep with their lambs,
 And thought on the Lamb of God.

— KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON
Sheep and Lambs, Stanza 6

Africa —



KEY to WESTERN SECURITY

By George Fielding Eliot

AS LONG as the free world holds Africa, any Soviet aggression in Europe or the Middle East has two strikes on it before it starts.

From the northern rim of that huge continent — second largest of the world's continental land masses — Western air power can dominate southern and western Europe, providing direct support for armies on the Rhine, in the Alps or on the Danube. From Africa, air support can also be provided for the Turkish army as far as the borders of Transcaucasia and the approaches to the Persian Gulf. Supported from North African bases, the fleets of the West can maintain control of the vital

Mediterranean sea corridor. Finally, from those bases, the strategic air forces of the West can strike deep into the Soviet heartland.

But its strategic position is not the only, nor perhaps the most important, factor in Africa's value to Western security. The free world would have no air-atomic power at all if it were not for a dependable supply of uranium. More than half of our uranium today comes from the Belgian Congo, in the heart of Africa.

Similarly, more than three-quarters of our cobalt, needed in the construction of jet aircraft, comes also from the Belgian Congo. Ninety per

cent of the free world's industrial diamonds, essential in making the delicate instruments used in aircraft, guided missiles, fire-control installations, anti-submarine devices, and other equipment, comes from Africa. Gold, chromite, manganese, tin, and copper are other minerals of which Africa is a major producer.

Deprive the United States and its allies of these African supplies and our fighting capabilities would be crippled.

The astute gentlemen who control the destinies of the Soviet Union know, of course, all about the vital importance of Africa to us — and to them, if they could make any inroads there. They are trying to do just that, and they'll keep on trying. So it wouldn't be a bad idea for us to do a little tough thinking about how they can be kept out of Africa, now and for the foreseeable future.

WHEN we look at the continent of Africa from that point of view, we find problems that are political and social rather than military. Most of Africa is occupied and administered by governments which are not African in origin. Of the whole of its 11,600,000 square miles, only about 1,500,000 are controlled by independent African governments (Egypt, Ethiopia, Libya, Liberia). Only about one-fifth of Africa's 200,000,000 people live in these independent African states.

Of course, down at the southern tip of the continent there is the

Union of South Africa, which is certainly an independent nation within the loose community of nations known as the British Commonwealth; but it is entirely controlled by its white population of 2½ millions. Its 10,000,000 Africans have nothing to say about their own affairs.

All the rest of Africa is under one form or another of colonial government, ruled from alien capitals by alien masters. The principal Western powers holding African territory are Britain, France, Belgium, and Portugal, with Spain and Italy having some bits and pieces around the edges. All these powers are our allies. All save Spain are members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

The nature of our dilemma is clear. From the viewpoint of security against Communist military attack, we are concerned that all these powers shall maintain their present positions in Africa, so that African bases and African resources shall continue to be available for the defense of the free world.

But Communist infiltration, propaganda, and subversion has a fertile field in which to operate as long as African peoples are controlled by non-Africans on the basis of might makes right. It is an opportunity which the Communists have been exploiting industriously ever since the close of World War II — indeed, before that time, too. The ingenuity with which Communists can seize

upon, and exploit to their advantage, every discontent, every antagonism, every injustice, every prejudice has hardly been equalled in the history of humankind.

It is our natural tendency, arising from the wellsprings of our own history, to feel immediate sympathy with any people which is struggling to free itself from foreign rule. Yet our good common sense — indeed, our instinct of self-preservation — warns us that if tomorrow morning every Briton, Frenchman, and Belgian in colonial Africa were to take plane or ship for home, there would be no more certain way of making a gift of the whole continent to the Communists.

We are therefore faced with the problem of reconciling our self-interest with our sense of social and political justice. Fortunately, it is not a problem which has to be solved tomorrow morning; and fortunately, too, it is not one which can be set forth in just those hard and fast terms of black and white. For all Africans are not rising up to demand instant independence, though some are; and the so-called colonial powers, on their part, are more or less cognizant of the fact that they must prepare for changes in the direction of more self-government for their African subjects. Their approaches

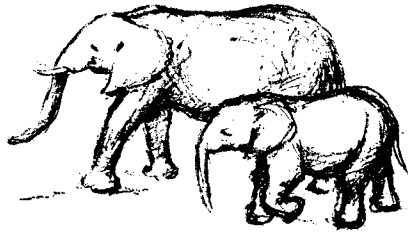
to that preparation, however, are not identical.

The British idea, in general, is to start the natives on the road to local self-government first, by building on tribal institutions, by carefully educating and training the chiefs, by improving village and district self-government. Their prize exhibit from this process is the Gold Coast, where there is virtually complete local self-government.

Nigeria is next on the list, though being a bigger area with greater diversities of race, religion, and economy than the Gold Coast, there are more complications. But it is likely that the British step-by-step policy will in the long run prove to pay dividends.

The French have quite a different idea. They call it "la mission civilisatrice" and in essence it consists of preparing promising individuals for the assumption of political duties — and of using them to help integrate colonial areas into the political framework of the French Union.

Thus Algeria is already part of Metropolitan France, with its elected representatives sitting in the National Assembly and the Council of the Republic at Paris. Other African areas are less fully represented — some not at all, not being



considered far enough along the road of political education.

There are a number of bugs in this plan. Probably the worst one, for the time being, is that too many of these representatives are pounced upon by the very active and energetic French Communists when they get to Paris, and some of them go home with the vacant spots in their political education turning various shades of red. Then again, the French blandly assume that membership in the French Union is the be-all and end-all of African political ambition, which may not turn out to be so.

THE BELGIAN policy is something else again. The Belgian Congo is run by paternalism, pure and simple. The idea is to make the native happy and secure. It seems to work — in the short run, anyway. White men are not allowed to own land, save under very strict regulations. Education is widespread. The proportion of native children attending schools is twice that of adjacent British colonies, five times that of French West or Equatorial Africa. Technical and university courses are available, and natives are encouraged to seek to better themselves. So far, this system has proved almost impenetrable by Communists. How it can be developed in the direction of self-government is something Belgian colonial administrators say they are thinking about.

Of the independent nations of

Africa, one that is likely to be productive of Western headaches is Egypt. The recent Anglo-Egyptian agreement, under which British troops and air units are being withdrawn from the great base areas on the Suez Canal, has strengthened the present Egyptian government, which is in the hands of young military officers headed by Colonel Nasser. Nasser has done much to suppress the more fanatical and unreliable elements of the Egyptian political spectrum, such as the Moslem Brotherhood. But so far Nasser has given only lip-service to the idea of cooperation with the Western powers and Turkey in any defensive arrangements for the vital Middle East as a whole.

Potentially more dangerous a situation, perhaps, is the future status of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, the vast region of nearly 1,000,000 square miles and 8¾ million inhabitants which stretches southward from the frontiers of Egypt all the way to the northern border of the Belgian Congo. Because of the dependence of Egyptian agriculture on the waters of the Nile, which flows into Egypt from the Sudan, Egyptian statesmen have long aspired to get the British out of the Sudan and join the whole country to Egypt under some form of national union.

In 1953, the Sudanese held elections to vote on whether they would have union with Egypt or complete independence, after a three-year

transition period during which the British Governor-General would retain a certain amount of control. While the union-with-Egypt party seemed to have won the elections, there are grave doubts as to whether the vote represents the real wishes of the people. There are also very grave doubts indeed as to whether Egyptian administrators and technical advisers are likely to be much help in solving the serious and complex problems that still face the Sudanese on their way toward effective self-government.

THE MILITARY potential of the African continent, aside from the use of its mineral resources by Western weapons makers, has been sparingly developed. The French army in North Africa (Tunisia-Algeria-Morocco) amounts to about two divisions plus some non-divisional combat units. These are made up of recruits largely from the resident French population, together with a considerable proportion of natives. French West and Equatorial Africa are garrisoned chiefly by native units.

Spain maintains about four divisions, about two-thirds native, in Spanish Morocco.

Britain and Belgium maintain almost no European troops in their Africa colonies, although there are two distinguished native corps, each of approximately divisional strength, in British West and East Africa. The Belgians also have an excellently dis-

ciplined and equipped defense force in the Belgian Congo of about 20,000 natives, of which perhaps 1,000 are Belgian officers.

The British-organized Sudan Defense Force, with a high reputation for discipline and efficiency, has now been entirely Sudanized, the last British officers being withdrawn in 1954.

The Union of South Africa is doing comparatively little in the way of keeping up defense forces, and would have difficulty in putting as much as a division in the field.

As to the other independent states, Ethiopia has a fairly good British-trained army; the Egyptian army is improving under the Nasser regime; and the Libyan army, also British-trained, is small but appears efficient.

However, the real defense of Africa is found in the American and British air and naval establishments in the Mediterranean area, which includes American air bases in Morocco and Libya, British air bases in Libya, Malta, and Cyprus, the United States Sixth Fleet, the British Mediterranean Fleet, and the British garrisons of Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus.

All of this ties into the NATO commands which border the Mediterranean on the north from the Pyrenees to the Gulf of Alexandria, including French, Italian, Greek, and Turkish elements.

The principal Communist hope of throwing a monkey-wrench into this

set-up lies in the unrivalled Communist capacity for exploiting and expanding local troubles. They are trying hard. Communist money and Communist agitators are in touch with the remnants of the Moslem Brotherhood in Egypt, and with such irresponsible but dangerous firebrands as Haj Amin el-Husseini, the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem. Communist agents operate in the Sudan, Ethiopia, and British East Africa from their central base at the Soviet Legation in the Ethiopian capital of Addis Ababa. Communists are busy stirring up the nationalists in Tunisia and the Istiqlal terror groups in Morocco.

All down the West Coast, especially in the French colonies, they are to be found hard at work. They do not do so well in the Belgian Congo. "When we catch one," a Belgian official is reported as saying, "there are just two sounds to be heard: *clink* when we lock the jail door, and *clunk* when we throw the key into the Congo River." But in the Union of South Africa, where the racial policies of the present government are directed toward "keeping the black man in his place," Communists are active and find fertile soil for their propaganda.

WHAT can we Americans do about it all? We can keep our friendly influence on the side of reasonable and proper aspirations toward autonomy, and we can, as occasion offers, expand our trade

and commercial relations with Africa.

Already we're beginning to do that. For example, even the trade monopoly of the "Big Five" companies in the Belgian Congo is beginning to show some opening spaces into which American development capital may soon be invited. The British Central African Federation is another development area where American capital seems likely to be increasingly welcome. The more contact there can be between Americans and Africans at the grass-roots (or bulldozer) level, the better. Practical American engineers, technicians, salesmen, doctors, are the best of missionaries for the American way of life.

There's no use denying that the Dark Continent has some dark clouds on its horizon. South African politicians who delude themselves that 2½ million whites can go on forever sitting on the lid of the normal aspirations of 10,000,000 Africans are no help to anybody but the ever hopeful Reds. If America has any lesson to teach in Africa, it is the lesson that all men are created equal; and if we have to teach it by example rather than by preachment, that is no more than we have done in other parts of the world, and not without success.

In Africa, we can't afford failure. Although we shall perform no quick and startling miracles, our immediate concern is to see to it that there are no quick and startling Communist miracles there, either.

The Caboose's

BY STUART COVINGTON

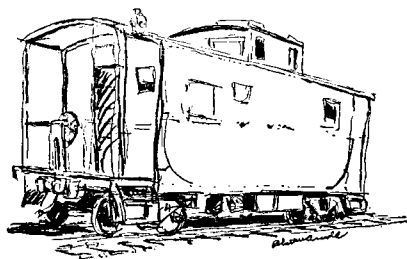


New Look

THE little red caboose may be slowly fading from the American scene. On many railroads the familiar vermilion hues of these freight train cars are giving way to a myriad of other colors. Caboosees of the Milwaukee and "Katy" (Missouri-Kansas-Texas) lines are daubed a startling yellow, those of the Toledo, Peoria and Western dark green with a flamboyant yellow stripe across the middle. Certain cabooses on the New York Central have received a sporty two-tone treatment of red and grey. Other roads have adopted shades of brown, black and blue for the cars.

Oldtime "link-and-pin" brakemen would scarcely recognize these descendants of the shabby cars that used to wheel them over their divisions. Many roads have placed "bay windows" in the sides of their cabooses so that crews may have a better view of their train while it is on the move.

Cabooses have been bobbing along at the rear of rattling freight trains for nearly a century. The exact origin of the stubby cars is obscure. The familiar cupola — the dome-



like enclosure projecting above the caboose roof — was not added until the 1860's. It is traditionally attributed to T. B. Watson, a freight conductor on the Chicago & North Western. It seems that Watson's caboose happened to have a small hole in the roof, and the day being sultry he rigged a perch that permitted him to sit with his head and shoulders above the roof, where fresh air was abundant.

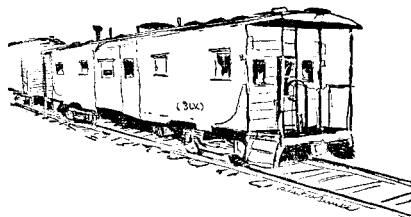
Early cabooses were little more than crude, boxlike affairs on wheels, devoid of any comforts. The railroaders derisively dubbed them "hacks." Today, railroad sidings reserved for cabooses are still known as hack tracks.

Since today's freight trains are fewer and longer, the railroads'

caboose fleet is somewhat smaller than it was a few decades ago. But current models are swifter, sturdier and swankier than earlier styles. Steel has replaced wood as the chief component of many cabooses, making the cars safer as well as more durable. Additional safety features in the form of interior hand-grips and perforated step-boards, which shed mud and snow, have likewise been introduced.

TODAY's freight train crew enjoys almost as much luxury as the coach passenger of grandma's day. The latest in cabooses on the New York Central sport sliding windows equipped with safety glass, reversible seats, a spacious icebox and a restful interior color scheme of two-tone green. Some cabooses are even equipped with electric lights.

The caboose's new look has cost the railroads a handsome sum. When Casey Jones was still highballing Illinois Central passenger trains, a wooden caboose cost about \$500. On today's market, a steel caboose, equipped with radio, carries a price tag of \$14,000 to \$16,000.



Radio has given a voice to the thundering freight train. From his headquarters in the caboose, the conductor, who is in command of the train, may call the engineer and instruct him to halt at the next station, contact an operator at a nearby station to report a delay or page the crew of a train approaching from the opposite direction. Radio communication is one of the handiest tools yet devised for the working railroader. The Erie Railroad placed the first radio-equipped caboose in service in 1948. Today more than 1600 roam the nation's rail lines.

A car that is seldom idle, the caboose serves as both a shelter and a base of operation for the train crew. Now, thanks to radio, there's a still more important role for the little car that adds the finishing touch to every freight train.

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REPLACEMENT FOR THE DREAM WE LOST

By Max Eastman

ALMOST everyone who cares earnestly about freedom is aroused against the Communists. But it is not only the Communists, it is, in a more subtle way, the Socialists who are blocking the efforts of the free world to recover its poise and its once-firm resistance to tyranny.

In Italy, by voting with the Communists, they ousted De Gasperi's strong and wise government, and they are keeping his successors weak through the menace of similar action.

In France, by refusing hearty collaboration with "capitalist" parties, they have made it impossible to form any stable government at all, producing just that chaos which the Communists desire.

In Germany, after doing their best to oust Adenauer and his brilliant Minister of Economics, Ludwig Erhard, who accomplished almost single-handed "the miracle of German recovery," they are, as this is written, opposing his plan of rearmament, which offers the sole hope of effective West European resistance to an invading Communist army.

In England they made a recovery like that of Germany impossible; their government recognized Com-

munist China; and they are pushing to confirm for all time the Communists' hold on the impregnable land mass, or planetary fortress, of Eurasia. In Norway they have produced the closest imitation of an authoritarian state to be found this side of the Iron Curtain.

If in America we seem remote



from all this, it is only because the Socialists in large numbers have abandoned the party label, adopting the Fabian policy of infiltration in other groups. Norman Thomas has withdrawn from the party executive and no longer functions as a political leader. Maynard Krueger, once candidate for Vice President on the Socialist ticket, resigned from the party, explaining that he did so not because his beliefs had changed, but because he thought devout American Socialists should associate themselves with the "liberal-labor coalition inside and just outside the Democratic party."

This liberal-labor coalition has already transformed the Democratic Party from an organ of Jeffersonian resistance to centralized power into the recognized advocate of increasing state control. It played a major part in the follies of Yalta, Teheran, Potsdam, and the China story, which gave away well-nigh half the world to the Communists. Thus in America, as elsewhere, it is the Socialist ideal, as surely as the Communist implementation of it, that is working against freedom.

THE PRINCIPAL cause of this, in my opinion, is not a reasoned belief which remains firm in spite of the manifest failure of Socialism throughout the world. The principal cause is to be found, rather, in emotional habit. It is not easy to let go of an idea around which one has organized a life full of emotions.

To despise and condemn this present world and look forward to a brighter one in the future was not a new habit in the first place. To call the present world "capitalism" instead of the flesh and the devil, and locate the bright future on earth instead of in heaven, was new. But the pattern was old, and it was a natural, almost an inevitable one for idealistic people. They wanted a dream. They wanted a big hope. They wanted a big try. And they still do, although it is painfully clear in most countries that their efforts toward a better world are only helping the Communists make this present world more evil than it is.

What is most needed then, if my diagnosis is correct, is not more demonstrations of the failure of the Socialist hope, but another bold and sufficiently far-off hope to put in its place. After all, we have a right to dream. We have a right to make a big try. Only our dream must not be inconsistent with present measures that we can see in a shorter perspective are good. We must make sure that while we think we are marshaling mankind for a "leap from the Kingdom of Necessity into the Kingdom of Freedom," we are not actually leading him down the old well-paved road to serfdom. In short, if we are going to dream, let's dream in the right direction.

Taking human nature as it is, and accepting the indubitable necessity of private property and a competitive market if men are to be free,

what should be the leading feature of a fair and true society? Here I am afraid that, besides lowering banners, we shall have to creep back somewhat ignominiously into our belligerent past, and confess that one of our most triumphed-over opponents was right. Indeed I do not know any argument in opposition written during the high tide of Socialist propaganda more precisely right than Hilaire Belloc's *The Servile State*. His prophecies have an accuracy that seems almost uncanny when you reflect that they were published in 1912 — so long before two world wars reminded us what men are really made of.

He asserts categorically, as though he had lived through it, that "at its first inception all Collectivist Reform is necessarily deflected and evolves, in the place of what it had intended, a new thing: a society wherein the owners remain few and wherein the proletarian mass accept a security at the expense of servitude." And he repeats as the kernel of his thesis: "The Capitalist state breeds a Collectivist theory which *in action* produces something entirely different from Collectivism: to wit, the Servile State."

ALTHOUGH collectivist theory was far from popular at that time, Belloc was aware that the transition to collectivism was going to appear more "practical," and therefore be easier of achievement than the attainment of real blessedness in what

he called the Distributive State. He was not an optimist about the Distributive State, but he was categorically sure that no third alternative exists.

"A society like ours, disliking the name of 'slavery' and avoiding a direct and conscious re-establishment of the slave status, will necessarily contemplate the reform of its ill-distributed ownership on one of two models. The first is the negation of private property and the establishment of what is called Collectivism: that is, the management of production by the political officers of the community. The second is the wider distribution of property until that institution shall become the mark of the whole state, and until free citizens are normally found to be possessors of land or capital, or both."

There is a radical ideal here, and a crisp and simple logic, that should give light — if their eyes can still stand it — to those semi-ex-Socialists now blindly groping their way out of the maze of Marxian theory and emotion. I can add nothing to it, except my customary reminder that the basic error in the whole century-long blunder has been a crude and foolish conception, or no-conception, of human nature. The Socialist idea was dreamed up by intellectual and radical-minded people, who constitute a very small and not typical section of the human race. You might almost describe the Socialist movement as an effort of the intelligentsia to put over their

tastes and interests upon the masses of mankind.

I remember how, when I traveled in Russia in 1922, long before I had waked, or knew I was waking, from the Socialist dream, a certain thought kept intruding itself into my mind. These millions of poor peasants whose fate so wrings the heart of Lenin have only two major joy-giving interests outside their bodies and their homes: the market and the church. And Lenin, devoting his life selflessly to their happiness, has no program but to deprive them of these two institutions. That is not quite the way to go about the business of making other people happy.

WE SOCIALISTS were, I think, profoundly wrong to ignore the depth and generality of the drive toward property, and therefore exchange of property, in man. Walt Whitman was profoundly wrong when he said in his famous hymn of praise to the animals: "Not one is demented with the mania of owning things." Ownership is not a mania, but a robust instinct extending far and wide in the animal kingdom. Even the birds stake out with their songs an area that belongs to them, attacking fiercely any intruder upon it. Less lyrical beasts serve notice by depositing distinctive odors on the boundaries of their domain. People who keep watch dogs can hardly deny the range and ferocity of the proprietary instinct. It was fully developed even among the no-

mads with their tents of different sizes.

For settled and civilized man, there can never be a paradise, I fear, or even a sane and peaceful habitat, where this deep wish is unsatisfied. It has been neglected in utopias because their authors were guided rather by the Christian evangel of sainthood than by a study of the needs of average men.

It is not easy in America, where mass production has crowded people into vast industrial cities, to imagine each citizen as a landed proprietor! The dream is easier in Switzerland where factories are scattered through the country and average industrial workers quite normally own a home and a plot of ground. There is plenty of land here, however, and good reason, if only in the atom bomb, for scattering factories through the country. I see no reason why this more enchanting aspect of the distributive state should be ultimately and forever unattainable. And that free American citizens should normally be found possessors of capital, or property in the means of production, seems to me not only possible, but, granted two conditions are met, in the long run probable.

One of these conditions is that the idea of collective ownership, and all the distortions of fact which it produced in the minds of democratic idealists, be heartily abandoned. Most vicious of those distortions is the belief that "capitalism" imposes an "increasing misery" upon the

working class. It is not enough to recognize, as all now do, that this Marxian prediction which rested on nothing but Hegelian dialectic, was false. We must recognize that the extreme opposite is true. Though it led off with the new-fashioned sufferings described by Marx in *Das Kapital* — not greater in degree, but different in kind from what had preceded — the market-economy he thundered against has, in its full development, lifted the toiling masses of mankind to levels of life never dreamed of in all past history.

It is only the habit of comparing reality with perfection instead of with what is possible, a habit proper to juveniles and fanatics, that blinds us to this. Whether or not it is true, as Von Mises asserts, that “capitalism . . . deproletarianizes all strata of society,” it is at least true that it makes possible their deproletarianization.

LET US suppose that the past rate of increase in real wages continued for another hundred years. And let us suppose that throughout that new hundred years the radical idealists replaced their old zeal for collective ownership with as burning a zeal for universal individual ownership. Is it fantastic to imagine that they might bring on the day when “free citizens are normally found to be possessors of land or capital or both?” They would not at least, because infatuated with perfection, abandon the road of the general rise of income

which makes such a thing possible. They would be dreaming in the right direction.

The identical dream, by the way, is proposed as an immediate political program by the German-Swiss economist, Wilhelm Roepke. “If there exists such a thing as a ‘social right,’” he says in *Civitas Humana* (p. 257 of the French edition), “it is the right to property. And nothing better illustrates the confusion of our epoch than the fact that up to now no government, no party, has inscribed this device on its banner. If they think it would not be a success, we believe they are profoundly mistaken.”

In my opinion, however, no dreams whatever, and no plans even for a slightly better society than we have, will be realized unless the rise in wealth production is matched by a decline in the production of people. We shall have to go back farther than Belloc, we who have broken with Socialism in the radical way we espoused it. We shall have to go back to Malthus, who perceived before Socialism was born the basic fact which foils all dreams of a just and generous society. There are too many people in the world; their number, when conditions are favorable, increases too fast. One of the worst effects of the Marxian religion of salvation by economics was that it swept this biological truth out of the minds of reformers and revolutionists alike. It belongs at the top of humanity’s agenda.

There are many sociological truths which I have been lamentably slow to discover, but this I am happy to say is not one of them. From the beginning of my days as an agitator for Socialism, I warned of the priority of this problem. At the height of the exaltation of belief caused in me by the Bolshevik Revolution and a first glimpse of the writings of Lenin, I wrote:

"In Lenin's discussion of means for increasing the productivity of labor, I miss a reference to the means of decreasing, and intelligently controlling, the production of people. . . . The Socialist movement will surely before long awake to the enormity of the population problem."

I WAS deceived about Russia. I was deceived about Lenin. I was deceived about the Socialist movement. It never did awake to the importance of this problem. Such problems lie outside the universe of discourse in which Socialism draws breath. As I have awakened from Socialism, however, the problem has loomed steadily larger to me, and I

must say, darker. It has been lightened in recent years by the anxious attention that has been drawn to it both among political scientists and among those engaged in physiological research. The report on "The Determinants and Consequences of Population Trends," published by the United Nations on May 3, 1954, was a grim reminder of what is in store for us if we do not confront it. A great, hearty, and worldwide campaign of education might, it seems to me, after a long time, reverse the fatal trend of the statistics. Next to defending the free market, that seems to me the most important task that one still actuated by the wish for a more ideal society and still radical — radical enough to tear up the blueprints and begin over — could undertake.

More goods and fewer people is the slogan I should like to see carried at the head of humanity's march into the future. And I think it would be reasonable, as well as grateful to the emotions of social idealists, to try to guide such a march toward the Distributive State.

The Cover This Month:

"BLOSSOM TIME" by Robert Waite Arnold

April is the most delightful time of the year in our national capital, the City of Magnificent Distances. A gift of the people of Japan many years ago, the cherry blossoms form a beautiful frame for the Lincoln and Jefferson monuments, and the flowering each year brings hundreds of thousands of visitors to the shrines of their nation.

Our cover this month is a particularly fine panorama of the scene which will greet the visitors and we think our Mr. Arnold did himself proud.